THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 48 PARK ROW. NEW YORK MAY 4, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 9.

BEREAVEMENT

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

His little life is o'er.
And very broken are the tears we weep,
For Death's cold hand has sundered forevermore
His blue-veined eyelids' sleep.

He lies, our lovely bud,
Untimely blasted by the tempest's power
Yet to well-known, beyond life's troubled flood,
A bright and glorious flower.

And so that he would die,
Yet we can still behold his spirit drive
A bright car through the cloud-rifts of the sky,
A rainbow on the skies.

His little grave will be
An Eden, where, though chastened by the rod,
Our thoughts, like incense, will go up to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

We bless Thee, that our child
Is a young angel in thy angel-host,
A spirit beautiful and undefiled,
Despoiled but not lost.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOT YET!

Slowly and cautiously, upon his bended knees, without noise, and with only the motion of a creeping cat, glided Seneca McDowd towards his prey that lay. He reached the side, and there rested to listen. Ah, there could be no mistake about that breathing. Those two rum slugs soundly enough for any purpose. Up, like a spirit rising from neither depths nor the ocean sea, and his ear was bent over the couch. Gradually he sat down a few rays of light, below them fell first upon the foot of the bed, and then working them slowly up—working them up until he could see the necks of the sleepers. It was a fair mark; those two necks—so fair that the object could not be missed; and the steady hand, guided by a quick eye and a cool nerve, must easily accomplish the full purpose.

And yet Seneca McDowd could not resist the temptation to turn the light a bit higher, and view the faces of the sleepers. After his work was done he would have no time. Up—up—up glided the softly shaded beam, and the assassin gave vent to his features of the youth. How calm and quiet they were, and how beautiful in their peaceful rest. The soft, dark hair, clustering in wavy masses about the broad, high brow; the long, ebon lashes, fringed like silken lace over the closed eyes; the finely carved lips, half parted; the clear cut nostrils, gently distending with the coming and going breath; and the rich and full of the bosom, where the warm, young heart was beating in time to the ceaseless flow of life—all was a picture for the fiend, the devil, man. And he seemed to feel its beauty, too; for his face glowed as he gazed upon it, and a spark of admiration was in his eye. But it could not check doing its life hence. No! He was not so much of a child as that—not so near akin to those types of the heavenly kingdom.

But there was another sleeper yet, and upon him Seneca looked. It was an older face, and more strongly marked—not so beautiful in the flush of youth; but yet noble in the beauty of manhood. This, too, was a broad, high brow; and the hair was soft and wavy, though sprew and gray. The locks were long and heavy, and lay upon this that closed over eyes somewhere sunken. The nose was a prominent one; and the mouth firm and finely shaped, and over all the face, like scratches upon the clear-worn and much abused crystal, were deeply drawn the marks of care and labored suffering. Upon this the assassin gazed, at first with a look of chapin curiosity, but, anon, with another look. The parted lips were suddenly compressed; he grasped his bowie with a firmer hold; and bent further over. His gaze was riveted, as though upon the record of doom, and a strange tremor shook his frame. A full minute he stood thus, and then he sank, down below the level of the bed, and pressed his hand upon his brow. Awhile he remained thus, communing with himself; and then he arose and looked upon the aged sleeper's face again. This time he changed his position somewhat, and then gradually softened until a tremor was upon his lips.

Seneca McDowd crept away from that room—closed the door as noiselessly as he had opened it—closed it, but did not lock it—crept on to his own apartment—extinguished his light—and glided into bed. And the two men in the distant chamber slept on as soundly as though he dreamed of the death-spirit that had hovered so near them!

In the morning the servants found the old woman early astir, and they gave her no breakfast before the mistress had risen. But Lorinda saw the bag in the hall, and offered her kitchen shelter if she needed it. But the wayfarer was strong again, and able to pursue her journey; and she hurried away as quickly as possible; not forgetting, however, to express a deal of gratitude for the kindness she had received.

Elroy Chapman, when the guest was gone, took it upon herself to make a search in and about the house after the mysterious lodging individual and occupant; but she found nothing out of the way. Nothing had been stolen, nor had anything been at all disturbed. And yet she declared that she heard the old bag would never come that way again. She had led the worst of demons all night long, and had seen ghosts and hobgoblins innumerable.

Lorinda did not speak her thoughts so plainly as did her maid; yet she had no particular desire to cultivate the beldam's acquaintance further. Somehow she had come to regret that dark, wrinkled face with extraordinary dread; and she could not help shuddering when she remembered how it had looked. However, she had done what she felt to be her duty, and she hoped that the wayfarer had been benefitted; and at that she let the matter rest.

And the newsboy Willie McDowd, by a circuitous route, made his way to Cheswold, where he hung around until he met Gerald Murdock.

"Who are you?" was the barrister's rough demand, as the intruder stepped him.

"I am from Farworth," replied Seneca, in a tone smiling to his gait.

"Well—and what of that? What news bring you from there?"

"Dick news, Gerald Murdock."

"Ha! By the powers of the pit, thou art Seneca?"

"Yes."

"Upon my life and soul, I did not know you! Come—come this way. Come where we shall not be seen. Friend! how completely you are covered up!"

Then leading Gerald led the way into a thicket of bushes, where he soon found a safe and secluded spot.

"You have been to Farworth?" he said, nervously and anxiously.

"Yes. I spent the night beneath that roof."

"And did you see the man of whom I spoke?"

"Yes."

"You—did the work?"

"No."

"How—could you find no opportunity?"

"Never was an opportunity more favorable. I slept by their bedside while they slept, and could have cut their throats with all the ease imaginable."

"And did not do it?"

"I did not do it."

"By the mass, Seneca McDowd, I thought you had stronger nerve."

"My nerve is strong enough, my master; but my nerves are not all involuntary ones. I did not kill them; and I will not."

"Fool!—you—"

"Hold, sir. It may all be settled in a very few words. Once more I will put out of your way at any time when I have opportunity; but not then! Now, I am done. I will release he stood thus, and then he sank, down below the level of the bed, and pressed his hand upon his brow. Awhile he remained thus, communing with himself; and then he arose and looked upon the aged sleeper's face again. This time he changed his position somewhat, and then gradually softened until a tremor was upon his lips.

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GERALD AND THE DESIGNED MCDOWD.

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"Fool!—you—"

"Hold, sir. It may all be settled in a very few words. Once more I will put out of your way at any time when I have opportunity; but not then! Now, I am done. I will release you evil Clifton—I can cut adrift for you; but not the other."

"But how is this, Seneca? Why did you not say so in the first place? I cohen you if you had any particular regard for either of them, and you told me no."

"Because I did not know that older man by the name you gave him."

"You said you had seen them both."

"Aye; but never before to examine them as I examined them last night."

"And who is this man—this John Durwood?"

"Gerald relented awhile, and finally answered:

"If Elroy Clifton can be taken off, I care not so much about the other. In fact, I don't know as Durwood's death is at all necessary. Situated as he is, he cannot harm the country, I trow; and that will answer my turn. But, Seneca, I am at a loss to account for this tenderness on your part."

"No more of that!" cried McDowd, with a stern shake of the head. "It is enough that I cannot harm him. If you are wise, you will push no further in that direction. And, furthermore, I would like your pledge that you will not seek to do him harm. You say he must flee from this section; and it is my wish that you allow him so to do."

"But," said Gerald, anxiously, "what assurance have I that the youth shall fly? I don't mean to question your issues; but I am fearful of your ability to meet the marked out course."

"If you will leave it as I have said," returned Seneca, confidently, "I will have his life if I live. I will hang upon his track—I will watch for him—and I will take him upon the first opportunity."

And then the matter was left. If Gerald did not feel wholly satisfied, he did not say so. He reasoned, however, that Seneca had a good reason for what he did; and as that let the matter rest.

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"If you will leave it as I have said," returned Seneca, confidently, "I will have his life if I live. I will hang upon his track—I will watch for him—and I will take him upon the first opportunity."

"Never mind," said the purest, when he had put on about as much of the agreeable as he thought the occasion would warrant, "at the dinner table you asked me when Gerald would return to Lorrington. I did not answer you then, but will now. I thought he would be back to-night, but I could not. My thoughts were too suddenly stirred. But I may answer you now, though you must help me in the work. I do not wish to offend you, nor would I trespass upon your reserved feelings, and yet I must press upon you a question which lies very heavily on my spirit. You know well enough what are my wishes with regard to your marriage with Elroy. I have already—you know how deeply he loves you. When he returned your letter he was deeply distressed, and, but still he bore up, and tried to hope for the best. He would have written arrangements for returning to his business at once, but I bade him hesitate. Something whispered to me that you might relent—"

"Nay, stop, sir," interrupted Lorinda. She had been trembling, but she was quite calm now, and spoke firmly. "Do not press this matter further. I have taken counsel of my own heart, and my answer has been given."

"And have you taken no other counsel?"

Owen asked this question before he thought, and asked it, too, in a different manner from what he might have done had he stopped a moment for reflection.

"I have taken counsel, sir, as seemed best to me," the maiden replied, with a pride of tone she stood upon her own rights.

"All—all! misunderstood me," Owen quickly rejoined, with an effort to repair the breach he had made. "I did not mean to question the your right to consult whom you pleased. In fact you should so do. But I feared that, perhaps, you might have been influenced by some unfortunate circumstance."

"Not at all, sir. I have only spoken as my own heart dictated."

"Then my son has no ground for hope?"

"Not that I can ever be his wife."

"Not ever, Lorinda, I will press the subject no further, and I hope you will pardon me for having thus worried you."

It was no matter, she told him.

"And now," he added, "I can tell you when Gerald will return. He may go to-morrow, but within the week at any rate. And when he is gone I hope you will come over and visit us at Cheswold. The old servants are anxious to see you, and Jack Spencer wishes to make amends for his past rudeness by giving you a pleasant sail. Will you not come over?"

She said she would, and she spoke freely, too, for she was really desirous of seeing her old friends at Cheswold, and had only been restrained by the very pressure to which allusion had been made.

When Owen Murdock had gone, and Lorinda was alone, she was troubled by strange thoughts. From the sights of Gerald she turned to thoughts of Elroy Clifton. She had not seen the youthful smuggler since he left the farm-house, but time beneath her roof She wished to see him, and yet she dared not. She wished to see him, because she felt it to be a duty to assure him that he was welcome to her protection. She dared not see him, because a still small voice whispered in her soul that a conviction of duty might not be the only spring of action that was moving her. And now that the decision to Gerald Murdock had turned her reflections inward upon her heart, she was almost startled by the shadowy form that would find its way there. The false form, even, could not drive it out.

Thus was she wicked Silverthorne would come. She wanted to see him, and consult with him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A KNIFE—STROKE.

"Durwood, I should say this way no longer."

It was evening, and the two smugglers were in their chamber. Elroy Clifton had been, for the last half hour, pacing to and fro across the floor, with his head bent, and his arms folded across his breast. They had been in this chamber since their arrival at the hall, having only once stepped out of doors—and that in the night, to take the fresh air.

"I cannot submit to this cay longer," the youth repeated, stopping before his companion, who was seated at a table.

Durwood looked up, but made no reply.

"I am violating every cause of my better nature by remaining here," Elroy continued, "and were danger at the very threshold of this house, I would pass it to-night. I must not stay here. I cannot—"

"I am ready to go, my boy," returned Durwood, calmly and frankly. "I am at your service. I came here with you, and with you I am ready to leave. It was not John Durwood upon whom the particular hands of this sheriff was bestowed. It was for Elroy Clifton that this was done."

"I know it," said our hero; "I know it very well, but I cannot remain longer. I know it still: Lorinda Verbrook gave me shelter here out of her great gratitude—she would serve me because I served her. Her noble, generous nature leads her to expose herself to the ignominy of sheltering fugitives from justice, rather than see one who did her a service suffer. She does not see me—she does not have it known that we are here. In fact, I know that she supposes I must be a source of continual disquiet to her. Do you not think so?"

Durwood said that he did.

"Then," pursued Elroy, "my very regard, my regard for the lady herself induces me to leave her roof. I know that I am forced upon her by circumstances over which she has no control, and if it be her gratitude that urged her to shelter me, then is she ten times forced to the deed, for, to such a soul as hers, the spirit of grateful benevolence is absolute necessity. I have thought of this matter seriously, and my own dignity calls me to go. If I ever cultivate the friendship of the lady further—if I would ever enjoy her good will—it must be under other circumstances than those. And so my resolution is formed. The Lady Lorinda shall be relieved of the uncomfortable burden. This night we will go from here."

Durwood, who had already risen from his seat, took a turn around the floor, and when he came back, he said—

"My dear boy, I not only understood you perfectly, but I agree with you. Our very respect for the lady, and her kind hospitalities and has mutilated towards us, impose it upon us as a duty that we should relieve her of our presence. Besides, it is one more reason—and not much for me as for you, but still I am sufficient reason—why we should leave. We owe something to the old man who brought us here."

"Aye," returned Elroy, "you speak truly when you! I had forgotten that he had been here ere this. I have expected him, and have waited for him."

"And yet," pursued Durwood, "it seems hardly proper that we should leave him in ignorance of our whereabouts, for I am strongly impressed with the idea that he has some deep interest in your welfare, and, furthermore, that he will be for your interest to trust him."

"Aye, responded the youth; "I have considered all this, and have provided for it. I shall write a note before I proceed to Silverthorne, stating some reason for having, and informing him where my steps are directed."

"Then you have your course set down?"

"Yes, though I would be grateful for your judgment in that. I have hit upon the old cot on Rocklin Creek, where I have known such a shelter for his friends. I know it is far away, but we shall be as soon there as by any other route, and then Jack will give us hearty welcome. What do you think of it?"

"I like it," replied Durwood, almost immediately. "We can find no better place; and, from there, if there should be need of it, we soon can have the Scotland winner down to us."

"Exactly," added Elroy. "I have thought of that. And the sooner we are off the better."

When the matter had been thus arranged, the youth sat down at the table, where had been provided writing paper, and pens, and ink, and wrote a letter, which he folded and sealed, and superscribed to Silverthorne, and which, dispatched it in a conspicuous place.

It was now near midnight, and having secured the few articles that belonged to them, the two left their chamber, and made their way to the court with as little noise as possible. They met with no obstruction, and found no difficulty in opening the doors; and when once they had gained the open air, they started off towards the river, which they crossed by a ferry-boat, there entering into a narrow road that led to the northward. The moon was up, lending some few hours of light, after they had lost the use of light to guide them along the wooded track. They had gone but a few rods before a bridge-way Elroy, who was ahead, stopped, and raised his finger towards his companion.

"I think I heard a footstep near us," he whispered.

They both listened, and presently a crackling was heard in the brush, and presently seemed to bound away as though it had been startled.

"It is a deer," said the youth.

"It may be," returned Durwood, still listening to the sound of the retreating step. "It don't sound much like a deer, however; though it does sound as though it came from us, and in enough."

In a little while all was still again, and they moved on. In half an hour they came to a point where a broad bridle-path crossed their track; and here they came to a halt. They knew not a turn either. They would have avoided him had the thing been possible, but the moment the leading spy was such that they came full upon him before they could avoid it.

"Hallo!" cried the stranger, starting up from his seat. "Who's that?"

"Never mind," answered Elroy. "It is nobody who wishes to disturb you." And with that he would have kept on his way.

"Ho—private off, are you? Hold on. I'm bound in that direction myself. I shut going for; but I'll take company as far as I go."

"We're in a hurry," said Durwood.

The man startled at the sound of that voice, but he recovered himself in a moment.

"So am I in a hurry," he responded; "and if you don't like my company, you can jog on, and

keep out of my way if you like; but I hope you'll let me follow if I can."

Elroy, from a natural instinct of his nature, had a disposition to grumble, to follow his simple desires, and so, as Burwood pushed on, he felt a little behind, and allowed the stranger to come up.

"I pray to Heaven," the latter said, heaving upon his staff, as he hurried on, as though he would fix sustained, "that you don't flee so poor an old wreck as I am. I am a wandering waif, good sir, and I may be a shiner, but I hope I don't bear any man ill."

"I had no thought of that kind," returned the youth, quickly. "If you wish to keep us company, you are welcome to it; only we cannot wait."

"Thank you, fair sir. I am going fer—only to the next meeting—and then I must turn off for Solgate. It's kind o' dubious like, travelling alone, in the night, in such lonesome ways. But then I alist afraid, for the Lord knows I mist it to be robbed, seein' that I've got nothing worth taking."

The fellow spoke so earnestly, and seemed so grateful that he must have suffered much, that Elroy felt rather glad that he had accommodated him, and at once entered into conversation, remarking by way of commencement, that they must keep up with the companion, who was leading the way, and who seemed inclined to jog on at a pretty brisk pace. This remark was thrown in as the stranger seemed a little inclined to lag. He appeared to be an old man; was rather slight in frame; with a stoop of the shoulders; and noticed in the gloom of a peasant. In his left hand he carried a small bundle, and in his right the stout staff which he helped support his steps. His face could not be very plainly seen in the dark path; but it was evidently not a very handsome one. Burwood continued to walk on in silence, there not being room for three to travel very comfortably abreast, though he was not so far distant but that he could overhear most of the conversation.

Half an hour had Elroy Clifton walked by the side of the stranger, and he suspected nothing out of the way.

By and by came to a point where the path took an abrupt turn around the spur of a handsome cliff, and here the stranger stumbled, and fell upon his knees, dropping his bundle, and also losing his staff. He uttered an exclamation of well-simulated consternation as he fell, and the youth stopped to assist him.

Somehow—through some queer unaccountable reason, and more spiritual than instinct—Burwood realized an impression, one upon him like a shock, and vibrating upon every nerve, that he was in danger—that a weapon was to be struck, was called at his feet. He was in the act of stooping when this impression came—of stooping to lift the bundle which had been flung, but, under the influence of the unseen hand, he started back, and, as he did so, he saw something gleam before his face, as though the stranger were being reflected from the rays of the moon, and also being up his staff. He uttered an exclamation of well-made affright, recovered, as he fell, and the youth stepped to assist him.

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"Thank you, fair sir. I alist going fer—only to the next meeting—and then I must turn off for Solgate. It's kind o' dubious like, travelling alone, in the night, in such lonesome ways. But then I alist afraid, for the Lord knows I mist it to be robbed, seein' that I've got nothing worth taking."

The fellow spoke so earnestly, and seemed so grateful that he must have suffered much, that Elroy felt rather glad that he had accommodated him, and at once entered into conversation, remarking by way of commencement, that they must keep up with the companion, who was leading the way, and who seemed inclined to jog on at a pretty brisk pace. This remark was thrown in as the stranger seemed a little inclined to lag. He appeared to be an old man; was rather slight in frame; with a stoop of the shoulders; and noticed in the gloom of a peasant. In his left hand he carried a small bundle, and in his right the stout staff which he helped support his steps. His face could not be very plainly seen in the dark path; but it was evidently not a very handsome one. Burwood continued to walk on in silence, there not being room for three to travel very comfortably abreast, though he was not so far distant but that he could overhear most of the conversation.

Half an hour had Elroy Clifton walked by the side of the stranger, and he suspected nothing out of the way.

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ANGELINE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Thou wert too pure and innocent
For this dark, sinful earth
Where from each flower that we touch,
A thorn springs into birth;
But, oh, thou didst seem unto me
As if thou wert divine,
My every joy was in thy smile,
My loved, lost Angeline.

How often have we wandered by
Our native mountain stream,
And hand in hand together clasped,
Would of the future dream;
While garlands fair of blooming flowers
I twined around thy brow;
Ah! little dreamed I that my grief
Would melt my heart—as now.

As fade the stars from out the skies
At the approach of day,
So slowly thou didst fade, dear one,
And from me pass away;
And as the sun sinks in the west,
Will fainter, fainter shine,
So thou didst die to rise in Heaven,
My angel Angeline.

THE MOUNTAIN FARM.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I was riding, one evening in the autumn of 1835, on a lonely road in the northern part of New Hampshire—a road of which I knew little, except that it led to a village where I proposed to halt for the night.

The road wound away over some bleak-looking hills, and I did not care to follow it longer. In the valley at my right lay a ruined farm-house, whose chimney had tumbled to the ground, and was lying in a heap, half covered with shattered doors and window frames. Two unroofed barns stood at a little distance—the ground was uncultivated, and the farm wall thrown down. A gate, singularly resembling a gallows, led up into a ravine, traversed by a grass-grown road, wide enough to admit of the passage of a carriage, or even a heavily-loaded wagon. I followed it.

The bank was high above my head on one side, and covered with trees that were nearly leafless. On the other, a little brook came murmuring down from the mountains, and shaped its course towards a solitary corn barn mounted on piles that stood far out in the fields. A flock of crows, winging their heavy flight towards the woods, were the only living things I could see.

But at the end of the road I came suddenly upon a small plastered cottage, which I found to be deserted.

The moon shone brightly through the broken roof of a stable upon my right, and entering it, I found a dry stall for my horse, with plenty of hay and straw, while a clumsy-looking corn-bin, near the door, proved to be half full. I let him drink at the mountain stream, and, having introduced him to a soft couch and a royal feast, took my cloak and knapsack on my arm, my pistol case in my hand, and went up to the house. It was an easy thing to gain admittance, and I stood at once in a square kitchen, whose three windows looked out upon the lawn, and the road by which I came. A comfortable looking settle, covered with crimson chintz, stood in one corner of the room, an old "eight-day-clock" in the other, a round table in the middle of the floor. Four doors opened from the apartment—one upon a staircase leading to the upper regions, one into a grim-looking cellar, a third into an empty sleeping-room, and the fourth into a "well-room"—a kind of shed, at one end of which a wooden shutter opened in the wall, above the well, and gave an opportunity of drawing water without leaving the house. Here was stored a quantity of dry wood and shavings, the sight of which made my heart glad. I raked the dead ashes from the hearth, wondering the while whose hand had lit the blaze that produced them, and with the help of my match case and a few old letters, soon had the satisfaction of warming my benumbed hands over a roaring fire. I drew the sofa and round table up before it, and rummaging my knapsack, which was always well stored for emergencies, I placed upon the latter a pocket-flask of wine, a small loaf, the best half of a cold fowl, some fine fruit, my cigar case, and the third volume of "Wurthering Heights," which I was reading for the second time. The grim-looking doors, and the three blank-staring windows annoyed me. But I soon secured the former by the simple contrivance of a wooden button turned down over the latch, which, however insecure, could not be burst off without my knowledge; and, as for the latter, there was no curtains, and they must be endured. I rubbed my hands complacently as I looked around my quarters. True, they were dusty, and dirty, and deserted; but with the warm firelight quivering in every corner, and shining so brightly that I could see distinctly how the hands of the eight-day-clock pointed always to twelve, they seemed a most respectable refuge for the Lares and Penates of a storm-tossed wanderer like myself. I left them all alight, and went out for a moment to see if all was secure in the stable, before I gave myself fairly up to the enjoyment of the evening.

The low neigh of my horse told me his approval of all I had done for him, as soon as I entered the stable; and loosening his saddle girths a little, I allowed him to eat the bit of bread I had brought from my hand, and left him. The moon was fairly up now, and shining splendidly in a deep blue sky without a cloud. The hills, on either side of the cottage, were wrapped in a golden haze; I heard distinctly the subdued stir and rustle of the leaves in the forest, and the little brook purling down by the high road—not a sound else. My blood flowed calmly through my veins; I leaned upon a broken gate that led into the glen of evergreens, and drank in the beauty and the music of the night. It was a delicious pause in existence—a sense of rest and sweetness stealing in upon the bustle of my daily life—much as, in the full progress of an opera, amid the clash and clang of many brazen trumpets, and the rolling of the drums, I have heard a single strain from a flute mingle with the chorus, distinct from all, yet hushing all to silence, and warbling on alone so sweetly, so sadly that I could not keep from tears. I fancied that in so fair a retreat I could live for years, alone and happy. The place no longer resembled La Trappe, it was a second Garden of Eden, and I, its Adam, far happier than the first, because I neither had, nor cared to have, an Eve.

The fire sent a ruddy glow through the bare windows and far out upon the lawn, as if it was welcoming me back again. I went up towards the house, and pausing under the great maple tree, looked into the kitchen. What! Beside the hearth sat a tall, fierce-looking man, in the dark blue woolen frock of a New England farmer, bending over towards the blaze to examine the handle of an axe which he was making. Just opposite, a woman with a handsome, but somewhat too determined, face, sat knitting, and a little dark-haired child, herself in miniature, played, at her feet, with the ball of yarn. They did not speak or move, but they were there for a moment—I could swear to that! Then a mist seemed to come over everything, and when I had rubbed my eyes, and the fire blazed up again, the room was just as I had left it, a little time before. I was neither timid nor superstitious, and ghosts were a standing joke with me. Yet, for a moment I was almost stunned. Then I looked up at the bright night sky, and in at the warm room—"Pshaw! I have been dreaming!" I said aloud, and going in, fastened the outer door carefully behind me, and prepared to be comfortable.

My supper was soon over, and lighting my cigar, and putting my feet on either side of the fender, I began to read. But every now and then, between the puffs, my eye wandered round the room, and towards the uncurtained windows. It made me nervous when I thought how little I knew what might be standing outside in the darkness, watching me. In the midst of the solemn stillness that reigned through the house, a death-watch began to tick in the wall. I finished the last chapters of the book, and the picture of the dead "Heathcliffe," lying stark and stiff in the oaken bed, with his black eyes open and his white teeth showing in a diabolical smile, was not peculiarly calculated to improve my spirits.

I laid the volume by, and arranged my things in the knapsack again, with a spinster-like precision, acquired in the course of my long rambles and solitary life. I said to myself, as I did so, that all was ready, in case I wished to hurry away—and then I started at the thought and wondered why it came. Hurry away? Why should I do that? The room was comfortable—the house quiet and retired. Aye, "retired." A shriek or a call for help, uttered in that room, would hardly be heard, even upon the high road—and there were no neighbors near—but what was I dreaming of? I stirred the fire, and looking into the bright blaze, tried to call up the image of my cousin May, whom I had loved, as a boy, and who jilted me, that she might marry a rich man old enough to be her father—and mine. It was in vain. May and the May of my life had passed away together, and the sentimental grief of my youth had little power over me as a man. My thoughts wandered to other things, and pictured the rooms above the stairs, and the damp cellar below. I fancied what I should say or do, if the doors I had fastened, should open, or if I should wake suddenly in the night, and find something bending over me. Then I wondered why the house was deserted, and how the other, at the foot of the hill, happened to be in ruins, who the people were that had lived there, and where they were then, and so on, till a great nod, that almost sent me into the middle of the blaze, made me aware of the fact that I was exceedingly sleepy. I turned my couch from the windows and towards the fire, which was quite safe upon the wide stone hearth, and leaving my pistols within reach, wrapped my cloak around me, and so "fell on sleep."

Like John Bunyan, I "dreamed a dream." Between me and that friendly hearth a gulf seemed to have opened, which no one might cross. I lay upon one side, and voices came indistinctly from the other, and faces shone in the firelight like faces of the dead. There was the dark-browed farmer, bending over the unfinished ax-helve; there the woman knitting, and the little child upon the floor between them. I had seen them all that evening, but not as now. There were angry words—there was passionate weeping—and the little child played tranquilly through it all. Then the farmer's face flushed darkly, as if black blood was mounting to his brow; he sprang to his feet, and shook the glittering axe above the woman's head. But she—"she was no churl"—looked up with a proud and scornful smile; the next moment the sharp blade crashed through her brain, and throwing up her hands with a convulsive effort, she fell heavily upon her face, and died. The little child screamed loudly and crept towards her; but the murderer, standing dumb but for a moment, dragged the bleeding body across the floor, and thrust it down into the dark cellar. Then snatching up the shrieking infant, he rushed from the room. I heard a smothered cry—a sullen plunge—then a door shut heavily, and all was still. Nothing remained to speak of the fearful tragedy but the vacant seats, the glimmering ax, and the half-finished stocking lying in a pool of blood, that was soaking into the ashes on the hearth. The old clock in the corner struck twelve—a shudder crept over me, and I knew no more.

The gray light of morning was tinging the sky beyond the hills when I awoke. The fire was moldering on the hearth, the room quiet, and without a trace to remind me of my ugly dream, but it was fresh in my memory, and not for worlds would I have lingered there. I was ill and feverish, and longing for a draught of cold water, I found my way out through the well-room, and unbarred the shutter at the farther end. The cold air blew upon my forehead refreshingly, the moon was still shining faintly in the sky, and the bare hills and the dark glen before me, gave me a better idea of the highlands of Scotland, than anything I had ever seen. I could almost see the heather blooming at my feet, and the broom corn nodding upon "fairy knowes," while a little stretch of fancy painted a blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with snood and plaid, wandering far out in the glen, and singing to herself, in a happy voice, about "Young Lochinvar," or the "Blue Bonnets over the Border." As I mused at the open window, I drew the water from the well by means of the old-fashioned "well-sweep" attached, my eyes still fixed upon the moonlit hills, while the pole was passing through my hands. Gurgling and dripping, the bucket mounted slowly to the brim, and resting it on the narrow shelf, I bent down to drink from its mossy edge. Good God! It was not filled with water, but with blood, and hanging by its garments, from the iron hook upon the pole, was the body of the little dark-haired child, its hands clenched, its eyes wide open and fixed, and a gaping, bloody wound in the throat, where a necklace of beads, with which the murdered mother had decked her darling, still remained! I could neither move nor cry out, but the bucket fell from my trembling hands, and sank, with a loud plash, deep in the well again. When I could move I crept into the adjoining room, and snatching up my things, hurried out from the accursed place. A shrill neigh greeted me as I closed the door, and my horse came galloping up from the stable, covered with perspiration, and trembling in every limb. Without daring to search out what had terrified him, or even to imagine what it might be, I fastened my cloak and knapsack upon the saddle, and mounting, galloped away. I cast one look back at the house; a dull, red glow shone through the windows, and figures were moving about within. Through the ravine we hurried, past the solitary corn-barn in the fields, past the maple woods, the running brook, and the gallows-like gate, and so out upon the high road, and by the ruined house at the foot of the hill. As we dashed out at full speed, horse and man rejoicing to be away, a farmer, walking soberly along towards the village, looked up, and giving a loud yell, was about to take to his heels. But I stopped him, and having with some difficulty convinced him that I was in the flesh, like himself, asked about the place where I had passed the night.

"Eh! it's haunted!" he said, with a frightened stare.

"I can well believe that. But tell me how long it has been so."

"When I was a boy, John Ewing lived there, and his wife and child—little Marian that was. And 'twas there he killed them both—split the skull of the woman with his broad ax on the very hearth, and cut the baby's throat before he threw her into the well, at the back of the house."

I shuddered from head to foot when I recalled the vision I had seen.

"Why did he do it?"

"Eh—it's hard telling. Nobody just knows how the devil jogs a man's elbow when the time comes. Some say it was the drink—I don't know. But I went to see him hung on that same gallows gate you just now rode through. I thought it was old John himself at first."

"Has any one lived there since?"

"One man did try it, and he was glad enough to give it up, I can tell you. He has farmed the land and used the barns till lately, and now he swears he will have nothing more to do with the place. Queer things have been seen there, as I have heard say." He looked keenly at me. "Perhaps you have seen something yourself, sir."

"Yes—far more than I wish I had. They can tell you nothing about the place that is not true, believe me—for if I ever saw any one in my life, I saw this John Ewing, as you call him, and his wife and child, last night."

The man's ruddy face turned pale.

"Eh? Murdering, and such like, was he?"

"Yes. Good day I thank you for your kindness."

I rode on before him to the village, for I hardly liked to speak of the thing, even in that growing daylight on the hills. By nightfall I was far away, and I have never visited the spot since then. Yet—even as I write these words, in the parlor of a Welsh cottage, before a blazing fire, with familiar voices and cheerful laughter close at hand—I look out upon the snowy roads and the twilight sky, and my thoughts go back to that lonely night among the Green Mountains—I see the shadowy forms and the ax that gleams on high—I hear the smothered shriek of the child—the bucket mounts slowly from the well, with the bleeding body hanging over the brim—dark faces look upon me from the corners of the room—a chill shudder shakes me from head to foot—the pen drops from my trembling fingers—I can write no more!

EL PASO DEL INFIERNO.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

On the road from Monterey to Pesqueira Grande, and about four leagues from the former place, is the noted *Paso del Infierno*, or Pass of the Evil One. It is the northern termination of a valley, enclosed by ridges of the Sierra Madre, which at this point, appear to have been split asunder by some natural convulsion, expressly for the passage of this road.

From the cobaltic veins of the mountain, cropping out into the valley, flows a little transparent, poisonous stream, which, after leaping playfully from rock to rock, reaches the path, which it crosses, and recrosses, mocking the thirst of the traveler, and tempting him to drink of its deadly waters.

To deter him, however, and as a caution not to permit his road-heated animals to imbibe from this poisonous fountain, there is rudely pictured upon either side of the cliffs, a gigantic representation of a death's head and cross bones; such as the careful apothecary pastes upon the bottles and packages containing his deadliest drugs.

At the time I passed the spot, the loose rocks were thickly planted with wooden crosses, those Spanish emblems of murder, telling the traveler that the pass was the frequent scene of assassination and robbery; that crime and violence here lay in wait for their victims.

Near the poisonous streamlet, and almost in the path, was one of these crosses, already embrowned by exposure, upon one of the arms of which, was nailed by the wrist, a man's right hand. This loathesome object, the skin and tendons of which still clung to the bones, was so contrived as to grasp a naked dagger, with its blade rusted with the blood of some hapless victim of assassination. Concerning this fearful spectacle, Jose Maria, the faithful and intelligent guide, who usually accompanied me in my wanderings, told the following tale:

"Don Vecinte Ziminez, who lives in the hacienda we passed just before we entered the valley, is a rich man, or rather was; but the greatest treasure he possessed, was his beautiful daughter, la Señorita Ana. She was the pride of his heart, and many were the youths—sons of the better class of haciendados, who had knelt to her loveliness, and aspired to her hand. Among these was Pedro Canales, a nephew of General Canales; he who six months ago was the leader of the guerilleros of New Leon. And Don Vecinte, you remember, was formerly governor of Monterey. But the favored suitor of the fair Ana, was Jacinto Sanchez, whose father was the nearest neighbor of Don Vecinte, and whose hacienda commences half a league from where we now are, and occupies the valley we are about to enter. Jacinto and Ana had grown up from childhood together, being in almost daily intercourse, and instructed by the same tutors; so that they had come to regard each other with the affection of brother and sister. But when, after an absence of four years in Madrid, whither he had been to complete his studies—the young man returned to his native valley, and discovered the developed beauties of his former playmate, his boyish attachment suddenly assumed the character of a stronger and more passionate love. Ana, also, was struck with the favorable change, which a residence among the polished Madrianos had wrought in the handsome youth.

"Don Vecinte welcomed the return of the young man warmly; and it was soon rumored that he was the accepted lover of the fair Ana Ziminez.

"All the Señorita's former admirers congratulated them upon their approaching marriage, save Pedro Canales, who regarding the happy Jacinto as a rival in the affections of one, he was vain enough to suppose had looked upon him with preference—declared that the wedding should never be consummated, and with a dogged manner, shunned a meeting with his former friend.

"At length the time arrived, when Father Eusebio, the former instructor of Ana, and the venerable chaplain of the hacienda, was notified to be in readiness to celebrate the nuptials of the young people.

"Great preparations were made to signalize the event with hilarity. A fiesta was decided upon, to which all the friends of the parties were invited, as well as all those with whom they were acquainted, together with the peons and dependents of the two estates of Ziminez and Sanchez.

"Among the friends, the discarded Pedro Canales was not forgotten, and, as if regretting his long continued discourtesy, the guerrilla captain intimated his acceptance of the invitation; and all promised a happy celebration of the wedding festivities.

"Even before the sun had sunk behind the Sierra, the rancho Ziminez began to fill with the assembling guests, and by the time the moon flooded the valley with her early beams, the little plaza had become crowded with dancers, springing gaily to the lively notes of guitars and castanets.

"The happy Ana never appeared so lovely as that evening, when arrayed in white, and her dark tresses adorned with flowers, she impatiently awaited the arrival of her lover. Surrounded by her attendants, she watched for his coming through the pass.

"He was to make his appearance after the assemblage of the guests, accompanied by his relatives and the peons of his father's estate.

"The dancers were in the hight of enjoyment, when a ringing of the chapel bells announced the coming of the expected cavalcade of the husband-elect. All hastened to join the escort, at the outskirts of the village. But scarcely had they left the plaza when a few scattered horsemen dashed up the road, instead of the party for which the welcome peal was echoing along the valley, who were the heralds of a terrible catastrophe! *Jacinto Sanchez had been murdered in the Pass!*

"Horseman after horseman now rode into the plaza, confirming the fearful intelligence. The young man, on his way to the marriage altar, had been suddenly struck down in the Pass of the Evil One, by the knife of an assassin, and instead of the warm embrace of his waiting bride, the grave was now open for his lifeless body!

"When the terrible intelligence was communicated to the waiting bride, a wild, piercing cry broke from her, and was heard above all the sounds of grief that rose upon the air from that agitated crowd, and exclaiming—

"'*I know his murderer!*' the broken-hearted girl sank insensible into the arms of the attending women.

"For days and weeks she remained balancing between life and death. During this long period not a word was heard to pass her bloodless lips. She lay in a state of apathy, without indications of either pain or remembrance of the terrible event of that night.

"But one day, after awaking from a gentle and prolonged slumber, she opened her eyes, which were bright with the light of returned consciousness, and signed to one of her watchers to approach her bed, and in a feeble voice asked for her father.

"The woman, overjoyed to hear once more the voice of her mistress, informed her that her father had not for an hour left her side till that morning, when his presence had been required at the rancho of his neighbor, whither he had gone.

"'Ah, yes! I remember it all!' exclaimed the invalid, with a bitter sigh. 'But, Juana, tell me where is that fatal weapon that drank the life-blood of my Jacinto? I dreamed it was found upon his body!'

"'It was, senora,' answered the woman, 'and is in the possession of padre Eusebio.'

"'Bring it to me. I would see it.'

"The woman hesitated.

"'Nay, nay, Juana,—trust me. I shall return it to the good father unstained with other blood than that of my Jacinto. Bring it to me.'

"The girl spoke with a determined tone, which satisfied the woman of her sound mind; and leaving the room, soon returned with the dagger, the bright blade of which had been dimmed by the blood of the murdered youth still adhering to it.

"The girl received it with a shudder; and after examining its silver handle for a moment, cast it to the floor, exclaiming:

"'Yes, I knew it!—'tis *his!*'

"From that time Ana Ziminez rapidly recovered her physical health. But the memory of that awful night of the wedding fiesta, preyed continually upon her mind. Yet, withal, she seemed stayed by some inward strength, some steady purpose, which, once resolved upon, imparted to her character an almost masculine quality.

"Scarcely had three months passed after the murder of her lover, than, laying aside the garb of mourning she had assumed, she once more received the attentions of her former admirers. But to none did she extend so much apparent cordiality as to her old suitor, Pedro Canales. He was her almost constant attendant; and scarcely did a day pass, that the enamored guerilla was not either riding or walking by her side.

"One evening Ana proposed a ride to the gloomy Pass. She had been during that day unusually cheerful, and her sallies of mirth and wit had emboldened the young officer to declare his love and lay his heart at the feet of the beautiful girl. She had received the avowal with apparent encouragement; and as he pressed his suit, promised to give him an answer at the 'Pass of the Evil One.'

"'But that is a strange, wild spot to make love in,' said Canales, while a ghastly pallor spread over his face.

"'I know it!' replied the girl, laughing loudly. 'It has heretofore witnessed only scenes of blood and crime. But I have become a wild, whimsical creature, you know, Pedro, and so for once let us change the character of the place, and make the dark cliff bear witness to your lover vows!'

"So saying, she dashed down the valley toward the fatal pass, singing merrily as she rode, while her lover followed after her with mingled feelings of admiration and terror, for ever since the murder of Jacinto Sanchez, he had not ventured within the shadows of the ghost-haunted place.

"Darkness had closed down upon the fair valley, and yet the young people had not returned; and as hour after hour passed away without their return, the people of the rancho, fearful that some evil had befallen them, went out in search of them.

"Within the narrow gorge were found the horses they had ridden, tethered to the rocks. Lighted torches were with the party; and there by the cross that had been erected upon the spot, stained by the blood of the murdered Jacinto, a fearful sight met their gaze! It was the body of his affianced bride, his now forever in death!

"With a smile of triumph now upon her lips, the beautiful Ana Ziminez had let out her own life, as was evident by the small stiletto grasped in her hand.

"But she had not died alone—for at a little distance lay the corpse of Pedro Canales, in a puddle of clotted blood. He had evidently met his death at the hands of the girl; and a deep-punctured wound upon the neck had let out his heart's blood. A knife lay upon the ground near the body of the young man, the right hand of which had been dissevered; and with the identical dagger found in the breast of Jacinto Sanchez confined in its grasp, had been nailed firmly to the wooden cross, where it has ever since remained.

"Such, Señor," said Jose Maria, as he again crossed himself, "is one of the stories of the Pass of the Evil One. But if those sad memories of crime could speak, they each, perhaps, could tell as sad a tale."

QUIETNESS.—The more quiet and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WE have joys and truths deep as eternity committed to us in the egg form, and the shell must needs be chipped before they can be born, and fly full-fledged, singing, towards the gate of Heaven.

IN every great man's soul there is a tinge of melancholy. In the recesses of the thick branches and leaves of the mighty oak, twilight lingers even through the mid day.

IF you would be popular, by all means get married. If you have one person to exhaust your fretfulness on, you can probably manage to be civil to all the rest of the world.

OUR happiness is promoted, not so much *by* the accomplishment of what we aim at, as *in* the accomplishment of it.

THE slanderer, unfortunately, is like the wasp rather than the honey-bee; he doesn't usually lose his sting with the first use of it—but he sometimes does.

A FIRM faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

WHILST we retain the power of rendering service and conferring favors, we experience ingratitude but seldom; afterwards always.

THE nearest approach that an old bachelor ever makes to real happiness, is when he dreams or imagines himself married.

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

MOURN not that you are weak and humble. The gentle breeze is better than the hurricane, the cheerful fire of the hearthstone than the conflagration.

THE very poor are excusable for being radical. It is hard for a man to be conservative who has nothing to conserve.

THE tombstone is but the materialized memory which watches over the green sod that has a face once fresh and a heart once warm beneath it.

NOTHING can be more unintelligible than the writings of some of the old authors, except, perhaps, the commentators on them.

READ no bad or immoral book, except that of your own life and heart. Read that carefully, and revise it for a new and better edition.

HE must be a fast man who keeps up with the news when it goes by telegraph two thousand miles a second.

SUCCESS is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

FOOLS line the hedges which bound the road of life; what can the wise man do but smile when he passes along?

THE mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest and retains the longest, are black ones.

DON'T envy those who know more than yourself, but you may well pity those who know less.

FANCY restrained may be compared to a fountain which plays highest by diminishing the aperture.

ALL persons know when they are knaves, few when they are fools.

LIP-SERVICE is considered discreditable to a Christian, but it is a delightful thing between two lovers.

WHEN men have agreed to fight a duel, they generally compromise their differences and themselves.

LAWYERS, doctors and women are all fee-males.

EVERY member of the human family has certainly a very large family connection.

OUR happiness has often as much to fear from the fruition of our hopes as from their disappointment.

TRUE honor is to honesty what the court of chancery is to common law.

WE are never beneath hope while above hell, nor above hope while beneath Heaven.

THE greatest truths are the simplest, so are the greatest men.

HE who is indifferent to praise is generally lost to shame.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SAVAGE watch-dog broke loose from its fastenings, in Chicago, one night, not long since, and attacked a little child that was passing along with her mother. The frantic mother seized the dog, in attempting to rescue her child, and the ferocious brute turning upon her, mangled her so severely that her life was despaired of. The dog had to be shot before she could be rescued.

A STRANGER, in looking about the city one evening recently, for the purpose of discovering the haunts of the "elephant," stepped into a den in Cherry street, which that animal happened just then to be infesting in a wild state, and the result was that the curious stranger was severely wounded in the side and trampled almost to death.

A YOUNG man, named Frederick Harper, while standing under a large tree near St. Louis, during a recent thunder storm, was struck and instantly killed by lightning; four companions, standing by him, were struck at the same time, but not seriously injured, and his brother, who had taken refuge in a hollow of the tree, escaped unhurt.

A COUPLE of brothers, who had breakfasted at their mother's house at Union Springs, Ala., went into the sitting-room, when one of them, seizing a double-barrelled gun that stood near, exclaimed to the other, "You have threatened to shoot me; but I will shoot you first," then shot him dead and fled.

A NIGHT watchman, on South street, detected a couple of river thieves making free with portable property on the deck of a vessel lying at the wharf, and attempted to arrest them; but they threw him into the dock, and made off with what they could carry, leaving him to get ashore as best he could.

A PHYSICIAN of considerable reputation in Davenport, Iowa, who was an ardent investigator of science and a devotee to his profession, recently fell a victim to his enthusiasm, by taking too large a dose of chlorate of potass, with which he was experimenting on himself.

A HORSE ran away with a wagon, in which were two men, in Winona, Minn.: in going down a steep hill both men were thrown out of the vehicle, one of whom had his neck broken, while the other escaped without a scratch.

A FEROCIOUS dog, belonging to a man of kindred nature living in Gowanus, attacked a group of boys playing in the street, a short time since, and lacerated one of them so severely that it was thought to be doubtful if he would recover.

A COMPANY of seven young men, drugged the refreshments of a donation party at Sandgate, Vt., a short time since, and the result was the serious illness of many, and the death of one young girl. A part of the miscreants have been arrested, and the others have fled.

THERE is said to have been a great rush of divorce business in the legislature of Washington Territory during its last session, and one woman, whose bill of divorce had passed one branch of the legislature, married before it had been acted on by the other branch.

A WOMAN who was supposed to have died, in Woburn, Mass., recently, was being prepared for burial, when she came to life, to the great consternation of those who were in the room. Two days afterwards she died finally.

A MAN was found one morning, recently, lying in the street in Philadelphia, with his throat cut. He was able to tell his name, and that he had been robbed by two men.

A LADY living in Covington, Ky., threw a revolver cartridge in the fire one day a short time since, which exploded, and the ball hitting her in the eye extinguished its sight beyond the hope of restoration.

A COUPLE of colliers, working in a coal pit at Negee, Va., were killed, a short time since, by the explosion of coal gas that had accumulated therein.

A MARRIED woman, living in New Haven, Ct., who was subject to fits of depression arising from long-continued ill health, drowned herself and her babe.

A YOUNG man who had been disappointed in love, in Philadelphia, cut his throat a short time since, in a fit of romantic melancholy.

A BUTCHER living in Pittsfield, Mass., lately ran away with his servant girl, leaving his wife and three children in a starving condition.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

THE CLOSE OF THE EXHIBITION AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULA-TION OF THE LEDGER.—We are now ready for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a grand start on the first week in June. Those who have anything to offer, it would be well to send it immediately, as we intend to have the contents ready by that time.

WE ALWAYS SEND THE LEDGER, at the expiration of the time paid for, to all subscribers, unless they order the contrary; it would be well to renew your subscription a little before the time expires.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such, you can put him down as a swindler.

NO PREMIUMS.—We will not receive rejected manuscripts.

OUR OLD TERMS.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $8; eight copies, $15. Subscriptions and remittances may be sent to us afterwards at the rates given in the party who sends us $15 for a club of eight copies, and sent one of our names; it will be entitled to a copy for nothing, and so forward in advance. Nonsubscribers cannot have the paper from one year to another unless they send money at each time. Always write plainly the name, post office, county, and State to which you want your paper sent. Never write on the same letter with any other business.

NO TRUSTING DONE.—We engage no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

MAY-DAY.

Two hundred years ago everybody went a-Maying in England. Lords and ladies, as well as the "common folk," were to be seen before dawn on May morning, and off to the woods and fields for wreaths and garlands. Shakspeare mentions that the jovial crowds made such a tremendous row with their horns, guns, and cymbals, that it was impossible to sleep after the commencement of the Calathumpian Concert. The Puritans, however, abolished May-day merriment, with many other innocent things, and our old friends of Plymouth Rock, who did not forget to bring the pelagic with them in the way of their flight from persecution, set their faces as flint against all such vanities.

In the days of the Von Twillers and the Stuyvesants, however, the people of New-Amsterdam did not disdain to be jolly on the first of May. An old picture representing a group of sleepyhead *bonhoes* and buxom *vrouws* and *frauleins* dancing round a May-pole supposed to have been planted near the present Bowling Green, was extant in this city, we believe, some six or eight years ago.

Modern New Yorkers have a different way of celebrating the day. They move. A species of insanity scarcely less ludicrous than that said to be the result of the bite of the tarantula seizes the denizen of this city in the first days of April, about as the stormy-petrel or Mother Carey's chicken generally having the air of distracted wives and daughters fleeing with their movables from a rapacious and implacable foe.

The moon loves a homeless look, as if they belonged to her. Unless certain tenants evicted from their cabins could scarcely seem more discomfortable. The pieces that have been in them seem no more! But the ladies, like curlews in a berrying-time, are not to rest in the wilderness. Some of them certainly scream like curlews, if that is any sign of natural satisfaction. And men, except cannon, deem it wise to give them a wide berth while superintending the exodus of their household gods. Metaphysicians who profess to understand the workings of the feminine mind, assert, however, that underlying the irritability which *mauvais langue* attributes to a stratum of pleasant anticipations that compensate them for every annoyance. Like Dean Swift, they can even joke over their broken and ruined goods and chattels, for change is necessary to its tenuity with upholsterers, cabinet-makers and carpet-dealers; and sending into one damask tapestry, scris of rosewood and broadcloth, and gorgeous Axminsters, cast their shadows, or rather their glories, before. Of course, these resplendences are only for the dazzle of the Dollarocy; but every fair "mover" is entitled to make some addition to her household pinchings, and exploits in the expectation.

This year the stampede will be a "big thing." Never before have we seen such an inspiring of "To Lets" as has broken out in the highways and byways of this metropolis within the last two months. If ladies, like leopards, could not change their spots, some families have a way of would be much happier than they are.

LYING ADVERTISEMENTS.

A glance at the advertising columns of our daily papers reveals the fact that the conscience of the community has never taken the business of advertising under its control. There are many men in New York whose word, in all ordinary circumstances, may be taken, because their word is generally true; but let them sit down to write an advertisement, and they fall into a wild frenzy of lying. To the public they can tell a thousand lies without the slightest scruple or the least remorse; and, what is stranger, the public appear to expect to be lied to, and never think of resenting it. We can recollect no serious lectures, book of morality, or Advice to Young Men, which had a word to say in reprobation of lying advertisements.

But lying is lying, whether the lie is spoken or printed. An atom of incense never dies. There is something wrong in the moral constitution of any one who, in any circumstances, or for any reason, can utter words intended to deceive. A man has not taken the first step in virtue till he is incapable of falsehood; for lying is the very nature of cowardice, and is the natural ally of measured gentlemen.

But it is not the immorality of lying advertisements that astonishes us so much as their silliness. Can it be good policy to assert that a common cathartic pill is a certain, an absolutely infallible remedy for fifteen diseases? Who believes it? And suppose there are still such fools in society, to the shame of our civilization and our schools, people so lamentably ignorant of the human body, as to think it possible for any pill to cure consumption, bronchitis, neuralgia, and the rest, are there not more who know better? A lying advertisement repels as well as attracts, and, we think, repels more than it attracts.

An opinion prevails that these shameless advertisers sell make rapid fortunes. It is, indeed, natural to infer, that a man who expends a hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising, must be doing a large and profitable business. Large, it must be; but it is seldom profitable; and never profitable long, if the advertising is essentially false. Advertising is great and effectual only when the thing advertised meets a public want.

Still, those lying advertisements, stupid as they are, do a great deal of harm among the weak, credulous and ignorant. Every intelligent physician knows that many cases of disease deprive all their intellectly, obstinacy and dangerousness from the previous "pile-driving" habits of the patient. The body has lost its resisting and self-preservative power; it speedily absorbs the poison of the epidemic, and is likely to sink under a very ordinary attack. It is the pitiful, wavering portion of the community that fall first before the cholera, the smallpox, the diphtheria, or whatever disease may chance to be prevalent.

Before the millennium comes, there must be a far higher standard of morality in the world than has ever yet prevailed. Imagine the horror of a truly intelligent and virtuous community upon learning, for the first time, that a man was willing to try to gain money by selling poison to young persons, in the shape of medicine, and telling them that it will cure every known disease in a few hours! Yet this is done, in the United States, a thousand times in a day, without exciting surprise or remark. We use the word poison because the active principle of most advertised medicines is poison. John from his advertising medicines circulates three ingredients, namely, ARSENIC, OPIUM, MERCURY, and his compound is as good as gone.

MODERN ANTIQUES.

A picture or a statue should be valued according to its intrinsic merits, not merely for its age or rarity, or the skill of its artists. The ancient days have not been retrograding while every day has added to their number, and it is our belief, that modern painting and modern sculpture are, in many respects, superior to the unrefined legacies of the artists and statuaries of antiquity. Taking for example, the Venus, who holds a different opinion, and are they enough to justify their prices? We think they are awfully undraised. A recent work on the fine arts opens up the world-renowned Venus de Medici. The manner of articles of merits manufactured in Italy every year, and sold to gaping gentlemen, who wait to be thought connoisseurs, is something common. But will it not astonish the natives there who knew it. Men who have made ancient art their study and their life-long calling? The fact is, that there are artists in Italy who can and regularly produce, with the aid of paint, sandpaper, and imitative ecstacy the statues and pictures of the Old Masters, which will deceive the original, that it is all but impossible to distinguish the counterfeits from the real Simon Pures, except by the purity visibly dead side. Probably more than one half of the so-called "relics" of the Middle Ages, in this country, are modern copies. In England the modern manufacture of "Elizabethan" furniture destroyed by fire—turns out to have been utterly worthless, and several of the "pets" in the National Gallery are more than suspected of having been "bought" in modern times. Therefore, your fellows, realize but little by their skill as copyists. Considering their consummate skill as dealers in pictures and articles of sorts, at almost any moment, we will undertake if you are rich enough to keep a shelter over their heads and food in their stomachs, to make you a picture or statue upon them, and upon would-be purchasers of the Arts, equally rich, that will command for even thousands of guineas, paintings which have only been a few days in the hands of the artist.

A subscriber in Chattanooga, Miss., writes us that he has been badly victimized by lottery men, and that he has spent a great deal of time without ever returning the slightest equivalent. They have promised to send tickets, which they take precious good care never to keep. He has also been victimized by jewelers, who have also been of a like nefariously and ruinous character. "Gentlemen swindlers," says our correspondent, "just pocket the funds and laugh at us for being so easily gulled. Every day we are beset by express, funds are going to them from time and other places in the South, but nothing ever returns. Can't you give them a raking through the Leader?"

We have so frequently exposed the advertisers to whom our Mississippi friend alludes, that we should think any reader of the LEDGER should be imposed upon by them at this late day. Any one who sends a "gift-enterprise" people, like other gamblers, "take it all back" in the end, and more than interest. It is always "heads, *I* win, and tails, you lose." Any one who has ever patronized any of the business that people who *send them money about* are the people of *to whom they send it*, will, we respondent says, they only laugh at the fools who are going through a soul-killing process. Let every man, therefore, refuse to deal with them in any way, shape or manner whatever. No other course is safe.

SO FOND OF CHILDREN.

What wrong enemies have children that people will not take them to their boarding-houses? Fond, indeed! There are two kinds of fondness, one that is natural to the heart of the child, and another which craves gratification for itself. To this latter class, the presence of a child, when that pleasure is delectorous to its selfish life, is more than a sufficient reason why to deny a child lawful pleasures is often most unreasonable. Not only is the child liable to come from injury, but as set of *selfishness* is performed, the mind becomes more and more callous above all things, is to be let alone more. They may protect our words, this mouth because we much flattered. They are so deluged with toys and sweetmeats provided with pleasures, that they enjoy none. They are pampered, pleased, and falser, provided he were honest and good, were he but a child. This is the reason why so many loved parents who greatly their children's decisions, and never think of checking innocent.

COSTLY BONNET-FLYING.

The Queen of England and her spouse are not content to encourage the arts of peace in the days of life, but the totals of their quarterly bills for manufacturing, wages, &c., must be something staggering, notwithstanding. But the people of English paper that the number of persons at present employed in their personal service is over nine hundred. Besides these there are the royal household, the stables, and two more households in Scotland and Ireland—so that the entire number of employees, most of whom do nothing, but nearly all of whom are well paid, is almost fifteen hundred. Among this crowd of locusts are an hereditary armor-bearer, who never bears armor, and is a lady to hold; six hereditary keepers of Scotch palaces, who have no palaces to keep, except mere ruins; a historiographer, who never writes history; and two individuals described as "gentlemen at large," whose duties, it is presumed, are limited to the drawing of their "pay and perquis."

A HEROIC MOTHER.

One dreary evening, during the early settling of the Western wilderness, a woman, with an infant in her arms, sat in a lonely cabin in the forest, awaiting the return of her husband, who had gone to a neighboring settlement in search of game, expecting to be at home by dark in the forest. A rudely constructed light—composed of a wick burning herself on in horn cup—stood on a shelf, and threw its faint gleams over the almost deserted room, and upon the pale face of the mother, as she bent over her babe upon her knees, expressing in her face the fear of—"Oh, why does he not come?" she murmured, in a voice so low that only she could hear it. Oh, if anything should have happened to him, what will become of us?"

She rocks in great agitation as she spoke, and then, as if ashamed of her fears, she pressed her babe to listen, as she fancied she heard the sound of an approaching footstep.

At length, as she was about to approach the fire to add more fuel, she started with a bright gleam of joy, as she heard his long-expected and most welcome tap upon the door.

"Is that you, dear husband?" she cried, as she hastily laid her infant upon the bed and hurried to undo the fastenings. "Why, husband, do you not answer, dear William?" she paused, in a louder tone, as her heart worked uncommonly as the noise her shrill fastened the outside door. Speak, William dear, why don't you speak? she added, speaking in doubt, and with a tone of fear. "Oh, William, you cannot wish to frighten me! Oh, William, I know it is you, and why don't you answer your voice to re-assure me?"

But no voice answered there came no answer—and the poor wife, affrighted at the silence, threw open the door, and looked out into the night and quake like an aspen.

"Is it you, Indians?" she gasped, with affrighten, as she silently but resolutely drew back, and closed the door.

There she flew to the bed, drew out an arm from under it, took down a rifle from over it, and, placing the muzzle of the gun on the bed, hurried to a ladder that led up to an upper loft, as was common in the settlers' cabins, and, placing the ladder against the bed, ascended the original, that it is all but impossible to distinguish the counterfeits from the real Simon Pures, except by the purity visibly dead side. Probably more than one half of the so-called "relics" of the Middle Ages, in this country, are modern copies. In England the modern manufacture of "Elizabethan" furniture destroyed by fire—turns out to have been utterly worthless, and several of the "pets" in the National Gallery are more than suspected of having been "bought" in modern times. Therefore, your fellows, realize but little by their skill as copyists. Considering their consummate skill as dealers in pictures and articles of sorts, at almost any moment, we will undertake if you are rich enough to keep a shelter over their heads and food in their stomachs, to make you a picture or statue upon them, and upon would-be purchasers of the Arts, equally rich, that will command for even thousands of guineas, paintings which have only been a few days in the hands of the artist.

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ope of their victim, they awaited the progress of the flames.

For the next few moments the imprisoned mother, with her infant pressed to her breast, thought only of wisely yielding to the death she could not hope to escape; but life has its pastimes for procrastination, even when hope and desire are gone; and this instinct, in the case of Mrs. Norton, brought into play all her faculties for pushing off the dreaded moment of discovery. While pausing for breath, she suddenly bethought her of a plan in the roof which required sounding, and from which she might possibly obtain a little fresh air; and hastening to the spot, she exerted herself to push in a loose and warped plank, and after pausing her own face to it, and that of her child, she found she could breathe much more freely. There was now a moment, at this critical juncture, that, in the thought of forcing her way out, and permitting herself to be killed by the savages; but the fear that she might be taken prisoner and carried into a hopeless captivity—a fate to her mind worse than death itself—deterred her from the attempt; and so she resolved, while the flames should rage around her room to her self, awaiting the speedy work of fire to save suffering and crushing her.

Suddenly her heart leaped wildly with an unexpected hope, as she heard by the slight aperture, gasping for breath, that some were pressed with the shouts of men of her own race, mingled with the fierce whoops reports of many rifles, and loud yells of fear and pain from the unmolested Indians, the survivors of whom, made no resistance, but fled precipitately.

Then came a loud shout from the dwelling, and a hurrying outward of the burning combustible; and then a noble form, guided by a voice of love, found his way up into the suffocating loft, to the aid and succor of his wife, and the timely relief of his child.

It is unnecessary to be remembered forever.

On the afternoon of this eventful day, William Norton had been to the nearest county seat for whiskey, and soon after struck upon the trail of the savages, which, to his unspeakable horror, led directly to his own dwelling, where, as we have seen, they arrived just in time to save the perishing inmates.

THE "KEAT CURE."

The latest method of curing diseases is to *keat* them. An English physician, the author of several valuable medical works, and a distinguished contributor to the London Quarterly, during this new remedy, which they are pleased to call the *Thorne-Thorne* treatment, after the English, the "Host Cure." They recommend that every sick person be made to have family evacuations attached to their residences, where a certain room of the household can be "tried out" as occasion may require.

The method of applying the heat cure is simple. The individual desiring it is to be stored to health, or rendered disease-proof, is placed in a room, which, by means of gas-burners, is warmed to the proper degree. To facilitate this latter process, he drinks huge quantities of water, which is returned to him in shower-bath through the conscious orifices in the skin. Thus prepared, he is then laid down on down with palm-tree fibres, horse Sailors, clothed with the same, and finally cooled himself with a douche of the cold element. When the operation is performed, in "five a bird," a certain Mr. Wait of Hyde Park, London, who has provided himself with one of these fiery fer-naces, is prepared to receive hundreds of the couple of friends, so as to make a Methodist Service on Ahasuerus' party of love, is quite enthusiastic in his admiration of the baking system. Nevertheless, with all its difficulty, it we may credit the testimony of one of the party, in "causing a moisture-drop on the back of the skin to lie over, but the luxury of soft treatment to be enjoyed afterwards." Seamen, however, prefer it can be gotten to the mouth."

We have no doubt about the merits of the "Heat Cure" enthusiasm, so far as the temperature is concerned, but we should very much fear an atmospheric heat of nearly 400 deg. of Fahrenheit, for some time, without the proper convenience, provided the air be perfectly dry as regards moisture, would be apt to speedily send a man to death. This was proved in the case of Chabert, the Fire King, who died in this city a few years ago. By the way, we remember to have seen a skin endowed with an asbestos-like property of retaining heat, and it was believed that no other living man on earth could endure the heat of two or three hundred degrees, and their closure, shortly thereafter, by means of a cold bath, or, as we say, the advocates of the "Heat Cure" recommend, "a snow-bath, if convenient."

A CONNECTICUT GIRL'S DILEMMA.

A pretty young girl from Connecticut, who has as much living in Brooklyn, came to the city a short time since, for the purpose of visiting her relatives. She arrived at the depot in New Haven railroad in Twenty-seventh street, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and was bewildered by the crowd and the noise, and was at a loss to know what to do, or which way to turn. Finally summoning up courage to speak to a well-dressed man who was also standing a little apart from the crowd, she asked him if he knew the best way for her to go to find her uncle's house in Brooklyn, at the same time giving him the name and address of such a one. He said he was going right by the door of her uncle's house himself, and that she could do so she might ride in his carriage right to the door. The innocent girl gladly accepted of the invitation, and got into the carriage with him. There was another gentleman in the carriage, a single man who had placed his carpet-bag on the driver orders in a low tone, got into the carriage and drove off. After a while they stopped before a brick house in a dingy street, and the gentleman accompanied the unsuspecting girl that she was her uncle's house. "But this is not my uncle's house," said she; "why besides, my uncle's house is a wooden one; he described it to me as one of his friends." The villain was taken aback at this, but quickly recovering, replied that her uncle had recently moved. But the Connecticut girl was aroused; she remembered of reading how defenceless girls had been kidnapped in this great Babel, and at once set up a series of screams for aid, which caused her persecutor to jump from the carriage and dash around the nearest corner, a crowd soon collected; the story was told; and the driver set out for the wooden house in Brooklyn, where the young lady was safely deposited in the care of her kind relatives.

HOW TO LOOK AT IT.

I am sometimes struck with wonder that grown people should ever have the presumption to rebuke children and young people, or at least, in their sight, should be so stiffened into a spirit of the profoundest humility. We who should stand so rebuked in the presence of our Heavenly Father for so many years of waywardness, impulsiveness, obstinacy, willfulness, and utter disregard of rules in fashion, and unrebuked loving kindness through it all? How dare we, whose whole life is a tangled and twisted web with devious life-paths, leading anywhere *but* to the upright and narrow path of self-denial, arrogate to imperiously the bounding footsteps so elastic with gladness? How dare we chide the crimson the young cheek with tearful shame, while our own heads are not bent with the weight of sins polluted and unconfessed? Oh, how many men and women are lost to the world and themselves for all their good and purpose, ever-to-day blessing their kind, had judgment in their childhood been thus temperately and wisely meted out! Instead of this, every word died unspoken on the lip, or it froze the warm stream this would have followed so unrestrainedly in the days of love's bud but the helping hand of parental encouragement was friendless, when the first cloud of misfortune descended on heads all unused to storms. And so, when, years on years were warped from their sweet symmetry, speaking or writing words steeped in bitterness and defiance, I would fain go back and look at the clouds that were all too narrow for the boundless proportions, now so twisted, cramped and distorted, to find room. I would like it to be thought, without volition of its own, into compact with the sympathies of the world, and Mr. Hyde, who should have looked to it, with the proper weapons for self-defense and self-help. Under the great load of the discouraged, lying wounded and dead in the battle-field of life, I would look. Also for the gray-haired man, reeling through the streets, the home he had blighted not enough to syllable words of reviling! Also for the young man counting the lagging hours in his prison cell, and for the women, into whose darkened soul no ray of light ever allies, save the glimmering reflection of his own misery! A solemn hour, indeed is this when a babe's first wailing cry is heard in the world.

FANNY FERN.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

The old English custom of dispensing with the funeral hearse in favor of pall-bearers, seems to have a good deal to recommend it. We are borne to our long home when the time shall come to go. Not in that horrible, jolting machine which has been invented for the purpose—so many folded hands, and closed lids, and such a general appearance of inconvenience. What matters it? Nothing then; but while we live, we prefer to be carried. Those who loved us would we pass for the last time from our sight, on the arm of a friend, shadowed at the thought of the touch of strange hands, and not in the care of the last caresses upon our newer life is scientifically done. Let the coffin be covered with flowers, and the cradle with these traditional, piled-up horrors? There is something sweet in this, so even in our crowded thoroughfares, of this gentle lifting of the coffin, on warm, flowery shoulders, to the last pillow; something beautiful in the play of the sunlight upon the white plumes of the "mutes" on the still breast beneath; something lovely in the respectful halting of busy feet as the sad procession moves slowly by; something which steepers recognize, even with a momentary token of sympathy.

FANNY FERN.

I'M ALL.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Bend your deep eyes down to mine, Isabel!
Shroud eyes I love as well,
What a history you tell;
Let their liquid lustre rest
In the night which broods in mine,
Isabel.

Yours have changed as since we met—
Changed and deep and sad.
Yet I never can forget
Thy morning face, I bet ye'st,
Isabel.

Now I loved thy morning face,
When thou cam'st with rosy feet;
Now I love the night that lies
Pain and shadow on thy face,
As the stirring sunrise grows,
And the glory of the face,
Isabel.

Why I loved thee, can I tell,
Was it love or pity for me?
Thine so sure and ripe as all,
Mine so weak and poor,
Isabel?

Other faces formed as fair
Never thrilled me with delight,
Gleaming mesh of glinting hair,
Welling eyes and wild "unrest,"
Never caught me in their snare,
Isabel.

Long hast thou been, tenderness dear,
Melted in these wells of bliss,
Long hast thou been, O love,
Isabel.

Bend your deep eyes down to mine,
Isabel.
Let my soul's soul, and they tell
How my heart's heart is thine,
Isabel.
Thou hast laid mute fire, since we met,
Weary soul, and woman's pain,
In those skies, slow burn sweet,
Breaks the languor of my heart,
Lest the sunlight's joyant youth;
Look, in evening's quiet hour,
Bloom of being unaware,
In dreamy deep, and dear,
How can thy soul of sunshine scope
Love in the pit of mine,
The meagre measure of its scope,
Isabel?

Glorious eyes I love so well,
Let their light fall down to mine;
On the night which broods in mine;
Dear them once more to my love,
Love I breathe my last farewell,
Isabel.

Underneath our grassy cover,
Underneath the daisies' bed,
We shall sleep, well, Isabel,
They who lose their life shall find it,
Where till tides of being swell,
Ever complete than we divined it
In the Hereafter we shall find it,
We shall feel even, Isabel!
In the coming aged I shall tell
Why it was it then befell—
Why I loved you, but to love you,
Isabel.

NEAR THE FOREST.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There is a murmur 'mid the leafy deeps.
There is a brighter sparkle on the wave;
A loud, long bandshell'ring o'er the sweeps
From this North wind that, like a maniac self,
Comes trampling down from yonder rock-ribbed hill
Far to the misty distance there it stands
Rich-robed, by time and storm unscathed still,
Even as a stern, calm God whose mighty hand
Wears back Time's billows from its steep, embraced ground.
And still the great woods woo me onward yet
Into their inner depths!—but hark! a roar
Of waters where the measured tempests meet
Round cushioned boulders that have stood
Ah, for a while upon the brow
Blessed in the forests breast, grandeur hath
Of all that man has to see and to adore,
But to holy silence that yonder roar we calls
Through those great aisles of oak from solemn Cliffy's Falls!

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND ADVENTURES," "WONDERS OF NATURE AND ART," "RARE BOOKS," "HOW THE WORLD WAGS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

If the young lawyer had been haunted by any remote doubts as to the genuineness of the claim set up in behalf of Hiram Harlow, they must have been quite dispelled. Vagrant children were now little disposed to become the victims of pleas and conundrums, and the indomitable nature of this attempt at abduction, which had evidently been designed to anticipate recovery, and render it impossible, showed how much importance was attached to the claim of the alleged baby, by those who had the best means of judging of their validity.

Seth no longer hesitated about undertaking the necessary legal measures for the establishment of Herbert's claim, and for the appointment of a guardian of his person and estate, to the infant son and heir of the late Hugh Harlow.

This would in some bring up the question of identity, and on that point alone would the legal battle be waged.

That it would be strongly contested he well knew, and he foresaw the great importance of having all difficult wish evidence aside from that of Evelyn, for he did not doubt she as absolutely needed to nullify such powerful testimony as that of Mrs. Stanley, and the other unfortunates, or accessories, which had already been so directly alleged against her. It was very evident that no scruples would stand in the way of the defence, and that the influencing and direct swearing of witnesses would be resorted by no limits but those which prudence rendered impassive.

To look up testimony, then, became the first business to which the young man gave his attention, and he devoted several months to quiet and engrossing labor in this direction, before sounding the first note of alarm to the proprietors of the great estate.

Indeed, Mrs. Stirrly and her friends, having recovered from their first fears, and from their mortification at the discomfiture of their indomitable ally, began to believe that their stand had been premature and unnecessary, and that no one would be found bold enough to assume the championship of a penniless child, against such formidable odds. They felt certain that although Bess had failed in his wonted adventurous, he had at least so skillfully conducted it that no possible clue could lead to any complicity of Mrs. Stirrly with the nefarious scheme. She received the tidings of it from Evelyn very coolly, and with affected disbelief, but said that if it were true, it afforded the best sort of proof that the child was not Herbert, since other people were so deeply interested in getting possession of him or in getting him out of the way. This idea Bess also strenuously advanced, for since the attempt at abduction was so notorious to be concealed, he sought also to turn it to account.

Evelyn, meanwhile, enjoyed an exemption from the importunities and consumption to which she had so long been subjected in relation to the contemplated marriage.

This was probably owing to the stop-mother's consciousness of the dangerous power which her daughter now possessed, but which she indulged the hope that the latter would never attempt to wield.

While Evelyn and Mr. Lyede (who had made himself both very respected and liked by the grim family) remained quiet on the subject of Herbert's claims to recognition, Mrs. Stirrly was unwilling to take any step which could provoke dispersion or retaliatory measures from the young lady.

Since so long a time had elapsed without any signs of litigation, she thought that Evelyn must have precommunicated such a course, and that her sense of libel duty, as well as the dread of her brother's displeasure, would certainly restrain her if she were not driven to extremities by lawful measures.

But if the parental severity had been relaxed, no marked constitution had been manifested towards Miss Harlow, for such a course, contrasted with former treatment, would too plainly have betrayed the policy which it was adopted.

The great lady could not afford to exhibit any fears of the alleged heir, even by manifesting unusual kindness to one who had opposed his claims. Besides, she knew Evelyn too well to hope that she could be influenced by any personal consideration whatever, to an abandonment of her brother's interests. She would, indeed, freely have bestowed wealth on her step-daughter for a formal recognition of her belief that a son of Hugh Harlow was living; but such an offer, however dazzling, she knew would be rejected, while its natural result would be to dispel the few doubts which now modified Evelyn's convictions, and to change faith into certainty.

But as the months rolled by without any renewed agitation of the exciting topic, her mind recovered its wonted tone, and she sought the gentlemen of her remaining future in her usual round of social pleasures and triumphs.

High as was the position which the ambitious woman had attained, compared with her obscure origin, she sighed for a more extended sphere and wider conquests. She had her enemies to humble, and her rivals to depress, though the number of these was small, and was yearly diminishing as the star of her prosperity advanced sandily towards its culmination.

She languished for admiration to a long career of nightly increasing wealth and grandeur, and though the ghost of many dead hopes haunted the track of Memory, she would see nothing in the future but bright and blissful realizations.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Counsellor Lyede, after much reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to make out a legal identification of his little client, by witnesses who could testify only from memory of the child's appearance at the time of his abduction. Such evidence, except, perhaps, in the case of Evelyn, must be subject to great doubt, even if undisputed, and when flatly contradicted, as it would be by far more witnesses than he could possibly obtain, it would of course be entirely nullified.

It was evidently necessary to show the history of the boy, during his absence from home, and for this purpose Seth's thoughts at once turned towards the Widowers.

From Herbert he could only learn that the doctor was dead, that his sister had removed a thousand miles west, and that his widow was supposed to be living somewhere in the great city, but that the lad's own long search after her had been entirely fruitless.

He went to the former residence of the family, taking Herbert with him as a guide, and there he had the satisfaction of hearing that the house was still owned by the late Mrs. Widower, (who was already a Mrs. Somebody-else,) as administratrix or heir to her late husband.

The rent, he was informed, was collected by a lawyer in the city, whose name he obtained, and from him he easily procured the address of the amiable Florinda, now rejoicing, as he learned, in the name of Mrs. Smyth. (Her new husband had been plain Smith before marriage, but his bride had instantaneously panched out his.)

Still of new hope, Seth made his way to the place indicated, a fashionable boarding-house, and sending up his card to the lady, he availed

AN ACCOMMODATING PHYSICIAN.

himself of the opportunity to scan the interior of the parlor, which he entered.

"Oh, no, madam—I know that. My object in calling is to obtain information on certain points of his history. He was an adopted son, I believe, of your late husband, Mr. Widower."

"Yes, I don't know about the 'adoption,'" replied the lady, still with a discarded air; "there was no legal adoption, and the doctor's *little progeny*——"

"I am not inquiring about his property, madam. I only want to know about the child."

"Yes, sir, certainly. Well, sir, he was a boy that Widower picked up somewhere when he was young, and brought home. He took a sort of fancy to him, and sent him to school; but he left nothing at all—he has no claim upon the estate."

Seth smiled as he noticed the extreme solicitude of Mrs. Smyth on this point, and he at once asked:

"Did Doctor Widower leave a large estate?"

"Oh, very little, sir."

"Any will?"

"No, sir."

"What heirs?"

"Only one, sir," replied Florinda, with a most blond voice, yet with a look of very evident perturbation.

"Ah!—understood he had a sister."

She replied, very quickly:

"He had, many years ago, but she is dead."

"Oh, indeed. Where did she die?"

"Somewhere in the far-western States, sir. I really do not know."

Seth was no good's lawyer, and too close an observer of human nature, not to suspect the prevarication of these details; and, without manifesting any inquiries double, he continued his interrogations.

But Mrs. Smyth could tell him very little about the family, and from her account, which at last, that he was not an heir or legacee in any way, Seth was convinced. He had been to the doctor's family about a year and a half when she entered it, and had left there about six months afterwards to go to school. He had always been a troublesome boy, she said, and she was glad to hear his conqueror which he gave to the dead, good men had bestowed his end.

Seth left the house, and felt very guilty, and Florinda sentient:

"Of the whole history, of course, I know nothing. I only remember that Widower said he brought him from the South, and I never felt at though he child this was quite free from the feeling."

"Ah, yes, I noticed that you called him Herbert when you came in. Was that his name?"

"Not his boyhood name, sir. The doctor called him Edward after himself. He had no other—I forgot now; it was some low name. He was supposed to be of very low origin."

"Was he called Herbert?"

"Only while it was Herbert, but I really can't remember."

Seth's hopes fell nearly to zero; but he returned to the subject of the physician's sister, whose death the bereaved Florinda had once known, with such quick, strange way, as to excite his suspicions. If living she was one of the interests which were against him, and it was impossible that she might be still in existence; and even that he her revenging home she remained ignorant of her brother's death.

"What was Miss Widower's name?" he asked, and he was sure he saw a frightened look upon his unconscious foe.

"Jerusha, sir," was the polite reply, with a positive bow.

"Her husband's name?"

"Both, sir."

Mr. Mrs. Smyth had not said this in a mild tone, Seth might have mistaken it for an invitation to be gone.

"Both, eh?"

"Yes, sir—and a very good man he was—very good."

"Both upright, I suppose?" said Seth, smiling.

"And the poor lady is really dead, eh?"

"Yes, sir, very deadly—quite so, very long ago," was the reply, with some embarrassment.

"You can probably tell me the name of the place where she lived and died."

Florinda, with a still more troubled look, replied that she really could not.

"The Sioux, at least."

Not even that, she was sorry to say.

"Mr. Seth's Christian name."

On that point she had likewise become oblivious.

Seth thought it rather strange that she should know so very little of her sister-in-law, and you should be certain that she was dead.

"Did not the doctor correspond with her?" he asked.

"He wrote to her, yes, and received two or three letters from her after she moved; but these must have been destroyed with a quantity of paper rubbish which was burnt soon after Widower's death. I have looked long for them in vain."

"How did you hear of her death?"

"By a newspaper, which her affected husband sent us, with anxiety his illness crowned her obsequies," said Mrs. Smyth, with a sympathetic sigh.

"Have you that paper?"

"No—that she is lost."

"Do you remember its name, or the place where it was printed?"

Florinda pored her head for thought, and said that it was called an Advertiser, or a Journal, or something like that; and as to the name of the place, it seemed to learn some "ville" or a "burg" to it, but that was all she could recollect.

Seth perused his polite cross-questioning, until his doubts gained courage and more conviction; and when he left the perplexed lady, he had resolved on two things. The first of these was to visit the hospital of which Dr. Widower had been physician, and seek to gain some information there about Herbert which might help to identify him. His second was to return to the neighborhood in which the Widowers had lived, and endeavor to learn something about Mr. Jerusha Bell.

As the hospital was very distant, he went there first, taking Herbert with him. But again his hopes were entirely dashed. No one knew anything about the boy—he, in turn, could remember no one that he now—for four years had been absent from the city—could recall. He had ever known, he had long since forgotten the name of the hospital, and, finally, was subsequently to inquiries could be made. The books were finally found, and examined, but no such Herbert Widowers; they had been carelessly kept, and the fire which, from time to time, had destroyed reports there with any approach to accuracy.

In the room of the house records were examined, more than one Herbert was found, including his own surname, but the dates and ages of the patient was not given, and there were no remarks appended which could identify any of them.

Abandoning all hope in this quarter, Seth returned to the pleasant settlement where the blind-faced physician had lived and died, and found that the name of Bell was still there cherished. His relict, the gay Mrs. Smyth, was, on the contrary, fixed and unsentimental, and bore a decidedly Xantippean reputation among all who dwelliest within ear shot of the late doctor's residence.

Its earnest neighbor, an old lady, spoke with especial indignation of the artful woman, as one whose wiles had entrapped the simple-hearted man, and whose shrewishness had killed him.

Herbert was conscious of a sense of relief when he found that he had at least a partings with one of his dreadful handicaps, and Mr. Lyede said:

"Sir told me that she thought she boy had been killed him to death."

"That boy, indeed! Well, it was like her to think so, for she was always a good boy, and the doctor loved him to the last; but she would have let either of them rot, till she was out of the house, and then the other—forever. I know—*I know!*"

Herbert cried again now, but not altogether with grief. Tender recollections of his benefactor filled his heart, and he felt certain that the old lady had just asserted was true, although he had never been fully conscious either of his own ingratitude or of the venerable friend, until he heard another give expression to it.

That any one dared to speak out so boldly against Mrs. Smyth was another surprise to him, and more than once he glanced back at the doctor's cottage, half expecting to see the widow's sister appear there, till she was coming to vindicate herself by a legal liquidation of her slanderer.

As to Mrs. Bell, Seth ascertained that the belief in her death was very general in the neighborhood, but as far as he could learn, all the reports to that effect, were traceable directly or indirectly to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Smyth, and the lawyer took the theory of doubting their truth. He found little difficulty in learning the place of her residence, which indeed, was very far off, yet not too far for a letter, or a patient messenger to reach. Not entirely dissatisfied with the result of his quest, Mr. Lyede returned hopefully home—for Seth could hope, at about as great a distance from fruition as most men, and however dark might be the night to others, he was always catching glimpses of the golden morning in the impenetrable evil realms of the future.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It had long been one of the dreams of Mrs. Stirrly's ambition to construct for herself a magnificent summer residence, which should in all respects, eclipse the nobles of those princely mansions whose columns, domes, and architraves are mirrored in the blue depths of the classic Hudson. On the bank of that noble river it was to stand, while its gardens, parks and pleasures stretching far inland, were to exhibit all the beauty and finish which wealth, taste, and art could add to a landscape already aglow with the rich charms of Nature.

Artificial lakes were to afford a luxurious retreat from the sultry heats of summer; basins of water, upon which swan-like winged boats should securely sail, and on whose green banks the contemplative might recline, and, tempting their finny denizens with delusive look.

In many a pleasant shade should sparkling fountains rise, while many a sweet sound should their cooling spray, graceful as the mistress of the grounds, should, and quoits as the innocents which—once was here. Sinuous streams murmured, bearing their pebbled channels—the gentle flow now quailing the cool wave, and now bounding in sport over the watchful hero at play among the rustic walk, or cropping the tender grass—and the contemplative might muse, a double pleasure, while the great lady designed to call into existence.

It had she any apprehensions that here was to be an ill-made marvels, whose foundations were not upon the passing clouds, and whose gorgeous walls and turrets should fade away with the luscious fabric of a vision? Indeed several times postponed undertaking for upon which extravagant schemes, and sketches and engagements, but she had never abandoned the cherished project, and now, with a family seeking preparations for their annual flight from the hot and dusty town.

It was decided that no attempt should at once be made to fix upon the location for the long dreamed of home, and it should be successful in finding and purchasing a suitable site, that their present summer quarter should be soon enough to it to admit of witnessing and superintending the beginning of the great work.

But again a disturbing influence deferred the cherished scheme. Mr. Bliss came in one bright morning, with a face not near so cloudless as the sky, to say that he feared they had been following false hopes on the silence which had so long been preserved by Mr. Jerusha Bell. He feared it was the silence which precedes the storm.

Mr. and Mrs. Stirrly were at breakfast, and while the latter was engaged in her usual occupation (she was not usually very roseate in the morning), and gazed at her visitor with a look of alarm. Frederick tipped his chair back on its hinder legs, and his golden toothpick, said with provoking nonchalance:

"You're getting to be a—inferred cracker, Bliss; you've had enough of those long-ago stories, and now you've come just in time to spend one of the finest days spots of the season."

"You're going to the races, then?"

"Not quite so much excited as that."

"You—you—that is no reason why we should not go, and one which so newly concerns us."

"Out with it then; we can at least ensure an uncomfortable day by our fears," said Frederick.

"At home? No indeed; I shall be out the very first thing," replied the lady with a forced laugh. "Mr. Skimmer and I have arranged for a little trip on the river, and I am to call for her at twelve o'clock."

"Well, shall I tell my news or not?" asked Bliss.

"Oh, certainly, if it is worth the trouble," answered Mrs. Stirrly; "but do not calculate on frightening us any more with that mock Herbert."

"Well, what I have to say is this: that I have learned quite accidentally this morning that Seth Lyede, who has kept so still about this boy, has been actively engaged for more than a month past in hunting up testimony with a view to commencing a suit, and that, by some means or other, he has actually engaged the assistance of Counsellor Silby."

"Counsellor Silby!" exclaimed the lady, startled to hear a name familiar, even to her, as one of the shiest lawyers of the city.

"Yes, and that he certainly expresses a very favorable opinion on the case."

"Is it possible? But we know Silby very well. He must be amused——"

"Yes, yes, I know. You forget yourself. I should like to see the man who would dare to approach him with the remotest attempt to influence testimony."

"You are right, Simon; nobody has said anything about influencing him. But he might be *informed* something about the true state of affairs."

"When great lawyers engage in a cause, they are not in the habit of obtaining either their facts or their opinions from the opposite party."

"No, but I know Silby, and his peculiar opinion, (which will encourage that upstart lawyer to go on, you know,) is in profound ignorance. Only upon Evelyn's expected testimony. Do you not think so?"

"Very likely—chiefly—with other supposed corroborative statements."

"Very well, then; suppose we could let him know something about the state of the case, to show him the fallacy of depending upon her evidence. If he is aware that she is not altogether a non-professional, but a very favorable witness, he will probably advise the suit to be withheld. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Frederick looked at Bliss, and made a wry face, but he did not speak; he knew that this was the polite method upon an case of uncertainty; and this intimate friends of the family but rarely ventured to oppose Mrs. Stirrly's modes of talking of Evelyn's "strange delusion" as a mental affliction, resulting from long and excessive grief.

"I have no objection," said Bliss, "to having this information communicated to Silby. Perhaps it might be beneficial. But, if you see the man to do it; you see it would not be strictly—professional. Here's Silby now, come in."

Frederick winced.

"Oh, no!" replied the wife, in quite a feeling tone; "would you suppose such a task as a *fatter* to proclaim his own coiled's infirmities?"

"Ah, well——"

"Besides, I do not think Fred. would do it well. Never mind. I will write a summer letter than either of you. Leave it to me; there is no especial hurry."

"Oh, no; no hurry. It may be months yet before we shall be asking them, 'Answered Bliss.

"Very well, then," said Stirrly, rising; "I'let's forget it for to-day, at least. I have a few business things to do, and Bliss, I expect you to see it won."

"I'll see butler 'bridge' that bet, Fred.," replied his wife, who had build enough of sportsman to know the meaning of the slang phrase.

"Your ruinus may be stopped if this Quixotic lawyer can see with his wonted——"

"Never mind—*dam-science nonsense*," rejoined Frederick, trying to quote a sentence in the Latin grammar, which he was sure he had not got it quite right, he was equally sure that Simon would not understand it at all correctly.

"Perhaps you will condescend to translate a little more plainly, then, for the benefit of your idle proclivity," said Louise.

"Oh, I'll spare you anything; that's Latin, and means that we must enjoy life while we can."

"Literally at the ancient," added Bliss.

"Exactly; I have no doubt that was one of the very many things the author of that phrase when he wrote it. The Olympic races, at least."

"Well, whatever it is, I know quite about to say," said Bliss, suggestively.

"That is not an unusual circumstance," the stereotyped reply supplied. "Evelyn seems at present disposed to preserve a character for reticence which I cannot approve. Her mental progress, however, as they threaten, it may be necessary to place some one to watch over her lower movements."

"It's a pity she could not go *abroad*. Foreign travel would benefit her health, and would do away with the inconsolable pain of which she is so fond. Bliss, now so seriously threatens its exercise, and which, if indulged in, may lead to very seriously unworthy of her might also perhaps be indicated."

Although the lawyer gave expression to these views with seeming seriousness, they were not the result of careful deliberations. He had abandoned the hope of making Evelyn the subject of a legal examination, and was giving his attention for more to the great danger which threatened the success of the whole Harlow estate, and indirectly of himself. He was pleased to see Frederick take the matter seriously in reply.

"It might indeed be a very desirable step; travel, or something equivalent to it. If this suit should actually come to trial, Evelyn must act seriously, by some means, be kept out of the way."

"That's the idea," replied Simon, glad to see that his views were taken up by some companion and seconded. "Then Messrs. Lyede and Silby would have to wait for her return, like Hamlet ost."

Mr. Stirrly did not express an opinion on this subject; his air was that of indifference to the matter, and sometimes he would interpose which was conflicting with the thoughts that were suppressed in his mind.

"Well, I must go," enough of this for the present. It is time for us to be off, and Joe is ready with the carriage. You'll keep Guy with me of course, Simon?"

"Yes, if you will have him."

"I really wish Louise could go with us and keep him quiet."

"Oh, indeed I am greatly obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot go to-day."

And thus the guy friends parted, and went forth in pursuit of their several amusements.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Miss Stirrly had not seen Seth Lyede since the day of his unsuccessful attempt to abduct Mr. Gale, nor had they held any written correspondence.

Mrs. Rose Binney, at her little shop, where Evelyn often called, had also received information from the police which had led to an unwelcome escape—of his disguised abode—and of his subsequent daily welfare.

For many weeks subsequent to the attempted abduction, the little boy was closely guarded by Mr. Lyede and his friends, that his whereabouts might not be known to the residence of her lover, a step which nothing less than secrecy would have induced Mr. Herbert could have induced her to take. But when time had made more and more apparent the further cause of alarm, the vigilance with which the child had been watched was somewhat relaxed, and he was at times allowed to accompany Aunt Ally to her store, she being instructed in what way to demand help and protection in case of a threatened danger. But as the shop was in a business street, and she passed only through thronged avenues to reach it, little fear was entertained, and no danger actually existed. For the discomfited Rook had long since returned home, his employers not being willing to risk

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exposure by a second attempt to get possession of the child.

Mrs. Sitterly knew full well that if she should be implicated in such a movement, it would attach great importance to Herbert's claims in public estimation, besides stamping her character wi h infamy. The risk was far too great to encounter, with so slight a chance of success, and she preferred to preserve an appearance of perfect indifference on the subject of the alleged heir.

She had even rebuked her agent, Mr. Rook, for going to such extreme lengths in his undertaking, and thus endangering her reputation. She had never intended, she said, that Herbert should be carried off, unless it could be adroitly done, and without any publicity.

But if no direct perils now beset Aunt Ally's little friend, she was as vigilant in protecting him, when he was entrusted to her care, as if he had been environed by the most subtle foes. Riding or walking she held his hand tightly in her own; if she entered a stage, she narrowly surveyed every one within it, to see if they had covetous eyes for her boy; and when she reached her own shop, she would not suffer him to enter until she had closely explored the interior, to see that no one was lying *perdu*, ready to snatch up and elope with her treasure.

On such occasions she closed her place of business long before the usual hour, that she might restore her charge to the care of Mr. Lynde, while yet the sun was many degrees above the horizon. And although these days were very happy ones to Aunt Ally, yet the sense of satisfaction and relief with which she always re-transferred Herbert to the custody of his more powerful friends, was inexpressibly great.

Of course, Mrs. Binney had her mode of acquainting Evelyn with these favored days, bright with golden-winged hours, when she might join her beloved brother at their trysting ground; and the young lady never came empty handed to the meeting. Some tasteful garment, perhaps made by her own hand, some ingenious toy, books of instruction and amusement, whatever her means would afford, by exercising the strictest self-denial in regard to her own wants; all was lavished in some way upon Herbert, and all was given freely and with glad heart.

Among the treasures which the child had been obliged to part with, during that sad season of destitution which followed his expulsion from school, was a little Bible which Doctor Weldover had given him, and had taught him to revere and love. He had learned where to find its promises to the fatherless and the oppressed, and in his mendicant days he had been wont, however tired at night, to read hopefully in this sacred volume, tracing, with tiny hands, its mysterious lines, and wondering often—often wondering whether one as poor and miserable as he, could be included in the Saviour's invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

He had no memories of infantile prayers, lisped beside the maternal knee; but his departed benefactor had taught him to pray; and though often with faint faith, and often without faith, he never failed to bend his over-tasked and wearied limbs beside his hard pallet before seeking his nightly repose. Alone in the hard world, which heeded him not, he looked tearfully up to that studded vault where rolling worlds proclaim the infinite Majesty of Deity, and whispered faint petitions, destined perhaps to outsound in Heaven the shouted prayers of more presuming lips, or even strains of truest eloquence rising from consecrated walls.

It had been one of Evelyn's first cares to provide her brother with a substitute for his lost Bible, which should resemble, as nearly as possible, the valued gift of Doctor Weldover; and she did not fail to add weight to the memory of the good man's counsels by her own affectionate admonitions.

Little business did Aunt Ally do in her narrow shop on these happy days. She would not lose the precious moments by urging her small wares on reluctant customers; and not a few looked in, and passed on with the impression that the little room was already crowded, and a brisk trade going on. Brief, merry hours were these, of which all three retained bright memories, and to the recurrence of which all looked forward with brighter anticipations.

But Evelyn could not always look at the Future without forebodings. The important step which was so soon to be taken in Herbert's behalf, if unsuccessful, she feared would widen the gulf between them, and would perhaps also separate her forever from that noble and generous friend, upon whom she had lavished the wealth of her young affections.

Sad and desolate as was her present condition, enlivened only by occasional gleams of joy, what would it be when she was deprived of these, and of all hope for that far future to which her young heart looked forward!

She shuddered at the contemplation, and, at times, vainly tried to pierce the clouds which surrounded her, and to catch a glimpse of sunny skies beyond.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mrs. Sitterly was in great glee; Frederick and the faithful Simon had returned from a trip up the river, with tidings of the discovery of the very spot in which to locate her contemplated Eden.

"Not only so," said Blass, elate with his success, "but the work is already half done to your hands. The site is unsurpassed, and a magnificent house is already upon it, which, of course admits of any extension or alteration you may choose to make."

"But the grounds? Is there room—room, Simon, for my park, my lakes, and my groves? Is there room *enough*?"

"The grounds are very extensive, and can be increased by purchase on every side. There is a real forest in the rear, which can be rendered superb, and a real lake, which——"

"Which art can beautify to any extent, I presume."

"Exactly."

"It is none the less a lake, I suppose," added Frederick, laughing, "because the owner called it a pond."

"You are an unromantic creature, Fred.; suppose it *is* called a pond, it can be transformed into a lake, can it not? The water is what we want."

If water was the desideratum, there was a prospect of a good supply—for a full half of the vaunted forest was marshy and miasmatic; but the proprietor had demonstrated that this could be drained, with a facility which would render it rather a pleasure than a task to do it.

The price was a little startling, but would probably be somewhat lowered, Sitterly said, for the owner, who was an Englishman, was about to quit the country and go home.

"That is the reason he gives for selling so cheap."

"Cheap, indeed!"

"Well, it's a great deal of money, of course; but yet it may be a very moderate price for the place; I rather think it is."

"An Italian Count is bargaining for it," said Blass, who, although not usually verdant, was quite refreshingly so in matters outside of his accustomed business.

"Ah—indeed!"

"Yes; and he has offered within five thousand dollars of Mr. Sharp's price, which leaves but a trifling difference between them."

"Did you see him?"

"No, he had just left when we came; but if he doesn't buy it, he is to purchase vacant land directly north of it, and build a palace there, he is so charmed with the location and the scenery."

"That will be capital," replied Mrs. Sitterly. "I hope he and his family speak English, for I could never get on with Italian."

"Undoubtedly they do, as they are going to reside here. They will at least be learning."

"Is the house occupied?"

"No; the family is in town, preparatory to going abroad; but it is beautifully furnished throughout; and the furniture, or any part of it, will be sold, if desired, with the house. If not so disposed of, it is to be removed to the city, and sold at auction."

All this Blass fully believed. Had he not seen it? Had he not seen the very pantries, glittering with glass and china, and the kitchen, all aglow with utensils of shining tin? Had he not seen the cages, and heard the twittering music of canary birds, which the departed family had left behind to be sold with the furniture? What a cheerful, pleasant, domestic air they gave to the house, to be sure!

Yet, in fact, Mr. Sharp's interesting family was a family of myths; his furniture, modestly called second-hand, was really bran new; very cheaply made, to be sure, and very showy, which had been hired and put in the house to make it sell, and perhaps to be itself sold at twice its value.

"The dear loves of birds," which were supposed to have been fondled by gentle hands, and abandoned only with tears and regrets, had been placed in the house to give *vraisemblance* to the sharper's story, and had been brought directly from the dealer, who valued their golden notes only for the golden coin into which they could be transmuted.

Mrs. Sitterly then was in glee. She was almost certain, even before she had herself seen the over-praised place, that she should purchase it. There were urgent reasons why she was now anxious to own a country residence at a considerable distance from town. She thought it might even become necessary to live there the whole year round, until after the storm, of which she began to hear the first mutterings, had spent its fury.

Her plans in regard to Evelyn, (what they were, even Frederick and Simon did not fully know,) could be more easily and fully carried out in such a retirement, such a stronghold, one might say.

She went the very next day (with her husband and Blass, of course,) to see the place and its proprietor, whom, she said, she should have known anywhere as an Englishman, by his English hunting jacket, and his inability to aspirate the "h," excepting in the wrong place. Yet never did a John Bull before have so veritable a Yankee face, and such a shrewd twinkle of the eye, to say nothing of a figure far more suggestive of Johnny-cake and pumpkin pies, than of solid roast beef and plum-pudding.

No matter; whether the proprietor was an English gentleman, willing to sell at a sacrifice for the sake of going back to "merrie England," or whether he was an American "builder and architect," who had bought the land on speculation, and had erected a large, showy castle-like house upon it, with an endless quantity of shams about it; no matter. It pleased Mrs. Sitterly wonderfully, and she bought it, at full twice its value, and the sham furniture with it.

Mrs. Sitterly thought she was a judge of furniture, and she would certainly have condemned a great deal of what she found in the new house, but as it had all been made to order for the English family, she thought it must be better than it seemed, and that it at least would do very well for the country. The convenience of having it all ready for use in the house, was itself no small inducement to the purchase.

It took a week or two for the lawyers to perfect the title, and make the transfer of it to the new owner, and then, as the summer was well advanced, preparations were made for a speedy removal of the family.

Though the change was professedly to be but temporary, Evelyn heard the news with sadness, for it was exile to her from all that she loved—a dreary isolation, among those with whom she could have no fellowship, and towards whom she was regarded as occupying an antagonistic position.

Such a banishment, adding its desolation to her other sufferings, seemed to her almost intolerable, and she sometimes felt as if it would produce the aberration of reason, which, poor girl, she knew was already alleged against her.

Yet the change would not be without its advantages. Evelyn was devotedly fond of the country; she had an eye for all the beauties, an ear for all the harmonies of Nature; and her new home, however much it was to fall short of its purchaser's hopes, was really located amidst the most charming scenery.

To one of her innocence, youth and loveliness, it might well seem a paradise if she could but occupy it with those she loved, and even now its quiet, witching beauty could scarcely fail of some gentle influence upon her perturbed heart.

Painfully she parted with Aunt Ally and with Herbert, who was brought to the widow's shop for the farewell interview, and she boldly addressed a note to Mr. Lynde, informing him of her contemplated absence, and where she could be found, if Herbert's interests should require her return to the city.

Although Evelyn was impelled to this step by a strict sense of duty, she could not summon courage to send the letter until the very day of her departure, lest her lover might construe it as an invitation to seek a meeting with her before she left. She knew he would not be admitted to her mother's house, and she was equally sure that she could not meet him, by appointment, elsewhere.

It was about the middle of July when the Sitterly family removed to their rural home, and Evelyn, who continued to be treated with seeming kindness, was surprised to find some especial marks of attention in the room which had been fitted up for her use. It was elegantly furnished, and was in the front part of the building, having a commanding view of the river for a great distance, and of all the best portion of the adjacent scenery. True, it was in the highest story of the house, which seemed to her a little strange where rooms were so many and occupants so few, and yet this was hardly an objectionable feature in the eye of one so young and agile.

But Evelyn had not been long in her new abode, before she began to feel the weight of little chains of restraint and *surveillance*, which led her to suspect that she was not to be allowed the undisputed control of her own movements.

She was treated as an invalid; was compelled to receive the frequent visits of a physician; was not permitted to go out except at certain hours of the day, and then only accompanied by some member of the family, or by a female attendant who was an entire stranger to her, and who had been employed for the especial duty of waiting upon her.

A silent, sad-looking woman she was, of middle age, who walked noiselessly at Evelyn's side, or close behind her, speaking, spectre-like, only when addressed, and then as briefly as possible, and casting the gloom of her presence over the fair landscape and the sunny streams.

Such society was so much worse than none, that Miss Sitterly felt it to be a dreadful annoyance, and thought she could be almost happy if she were allowed alone to roam across the pleasant fields, or to repose, book in hand, beneath some friendly shade, soothed by the music of the murmuring brook, and the twittering of the merry birds.

She asked why she was treated thus, and her step-mother replied with a look of seeming sympathy, and an air of mystery, that her medical adviser recommended it.

"But why? Why have I a medical adviser? I am not ill. I have not complained."

"Some maladies are not perceptible to the patient, Evelyn, though very evident to others. You have had too much excitement lately, and your physician thinks you require general repose of body and mind, varied with slight exercise and tranquil recreations. This course he thinks may avert the evils which seem to threaten you."

"Where are my recreations, then? Is it to walk out once a day, with that solemn Sarah following me like my shadow? If I am an object of so much solicitude, dismiss this dreadful woman, and let me invite a friend and companion to visit me. There is more than one of my late schoolmates who would be glad to come."

Mrs. Sitterly said she was sure the doctor would not consent to this at present.

"Let me have little Becky Vose, then, instead of Sarah; she will be both maid and companion."

"Becky Vose?" repeated the step-mother, with an air of some surprise. "Do you know her? Do you know where she is?"

"She is a servant in —— street, not far from our house in New York. I have often met her in the street."

"It is strange," replied Mrs. Sitterly, with a musing air. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing, except that she is a very pretty, sprightly child, and seems to be very good-natured."

"But I mean, how is it that you know her at all?" asked the mother, pointedly.

"Oh, I can tell you, though perhaps you have forgotten the circumstance yourself. She and her father, a crippled, sickly man, came to our house begging, many years ago, when Becky could not have been more than three or four years old."

Evelyn paused, and Mrs. Sitterly, laughing, said, "Oh, yes, I remember it very well."

"You gave them a dinner and some money, but told them not to come again. But Becky has remembered me ever since, and she has frequently accosted me in the street, but of course she would not venture to speak to you."

Again Mrs. Sitterly smiled, and seemed well pleased to have this charitable act of hers remembered and related. "Her father is dead, I believe?" she said.

"Yes—Becky said he died in the alms house."

"Yes—so I have heard."

Again the great lady mused some minutes without speaking, and Evelyn in turn began to entertain some surprise that she should have remembered such obscure people, and should know so much about their history.

She had applied to Mrs. Sitterly for redress of her grievances, because she knew that no one else in the family would dare to counteract her wishes; that if any leniency was to be obtained, it must be directly from this, her chief enemy; and it was because she thought she saw signs of relenting towards her, which might result in granting her present request, that she continued this amicable colloquy.

But she was mistaken. Hearts habitually cold, like ice in high latitudes, continue to acquire frigidity long after they are apparently quite congealed, and when the eternal glaciers of the polar world shall melt, then may we hope for human sympathy in souls like that which now looked out of calm fixed eyes upon the anxious girl.

Yet, fortunately for Evelyn, her step-mother had reasons of her own for acceding to her request in regard to little Becky Vose, and she well knew how to make her concession seem like an act of generosity.

"How came you to think of this child, and how do you know that you could get her?" she asked.

"She told me a few days before we left town, that the family she lived with were going into the country, but were not going to take her; and she was afraid she would have to go back to the alms house. I could not help pitying her, and wishing I could take her, and I have thought of her many times since."

Mrs. Sitterly seemed quite unconscious of several long intervals of silence and contemplation on her part, but recovering at length from her abstraction, she said like one who after much mental debate has settled a question:

"Well Evelyn, if you think Becky would add any thing to your comfort, you are quite welcome to send for her. I shall retain Sarah also, who will continue to go out with you as heretofore. But Becky may take her place in waiting upon you in your room."

"Thank you; I am really very glad. And the child may go with us on our walks, I presume?"

"Oh certainly, I have no objection to that."

"I certainly am very much obliged to you. And as Pa is going to the city to-morrow, perhaps he will call for her and bring her with him."

"Yes—so he will," replied the mother, "if you can give him the address."

"I can—I do not know the number, but I can describe the house to him, for it is next door to your friend, Mrs. Jones's."

"Oh, very well."

Evelyn was really delighted at the privilege she had obtained, not because she required the services of the child, or of any one else, for she much preferred waiting upon herself; but she was greatly interested in the little pauper girl, whose timid, gentle request had awakened her sympathy, and for whom she desired to provide a home.

Becky was very small, being scarcely ten years of age, and of course could be of little value as a servant, but she was very pretty, active and healthful, and Evelyn, in her solitude, looked forward with great pleasure to the society of such a child, and to the privilege of instructing her, and of gaining her affections. It would be something to relieve the monotony of her dull and tedious life.

Mr. Sitterly, with his customary obedience, brought little Rebecca home, on his return from his next visit to the city, and his wife did not fail to impress him with a sense of her kindness to Evelyn, in so promptly gratifying her wishes, and even her whims, when they were consistent with the general welfare.

Miss Sitterly observed, however, that before the little girl was committed to her keeping, her step-mother had a long conversation with her apart, and that, whatever its nature, Becky in no way alluded to it in her subsequent intercourse with Evelyn.

The young lady had not over-rated the relief and pleasure which she expected to receive from the companionship of her little maid, who proved to be very docile, amiable and anxious to please, and to have a most affectionate disposition.

Evelyn at once undertook the task, or rather the pleasure, of instructing little Becky, and whoever had judged of their relative positions, by their occupation when together, would sooner have pronounced them governess and pupil, than mistress and maid. A thorough renewal of the poor child's wardrobe was also one of Miss Sitterly's first cares, and as the young lady, whatever her other wrongs, always received a supply of money, more than sufficient for her wants, she was in no way restricted from bestowing whatever her taste and sense of propriety suggested, upon her little *protégée*.

Becky accordingly soon began to look like a little lady. Every new thing delighted her, and everything became her, and when she and Evelyn were on their walks, which now sometimes became romps, they might easily have been taken for sisters.

They could not escape the *surveillance* of the dismal Sarah, who ever stalked silently behind them, as if they had both been children who needed constant watching. The mournful looks with which she regarded Evelyn, whenever the latter gave way to any emotions of hilarity, were painfully suggestive of the probable light in which this most sombre of servants had been taught to regard her. More than once Miss Sitterly was tempted to ask her if she thought she had been put in charge of a mad woman; but her repugnance to any familiarity with such a person, and her dread of hearing that her step-mother had really put such a stigma upon her, deterred her from the inquiry.

She had almost anticipated this wicked policy on the part of her tyrant; she had at times suspected it, but she could not really believe anything so dreadful. She tried, indeed, not to permit her thoughts to dwell upon so painful a theme, and she sought, by occupation and amusements, to divert her thoughts into pleasanter channels.

She rapidly acquired a strong attachment for little Rebecca, whose manners were naturally refined and gentle, and she almost feared at times that the child might detach her affections in some degree from the beloved Herbert. But this, on reflection, she was certain could never be.

That her stepmother had designed and hoped such a result, she sometimes suspected; at all events, she was confident that Mrs. Sitterly knew more about the orphan girl than she had stated, and that she had some reason for admitting her into her corps of servants other than those by which she professed to be actuated.

A month had passed over the family in their new home, and although it had been a season of comparative retirement and seclusion for the gay lady, it was not wholly so.

Distant as she was from the city, it was scarcely two hours' travel "by rail," and there were frequent visitors from town, among whom the inevitable Blass was at least a bi-weekly comer, until he came, bag and baggage, to spend the remainder of the season. There were daily drives about the surrounding country, visits to and from a few wealthy families in the neighborhood, who had made haste to form the acquaintance of the distinguished New Yorkers; and altogether Mr. and Mrs. Sitterly's time had been pretty fully occupied.

Frederic had even more to do than he could attend to, and he became quite fatigued with his retirement. Hunting and fishing excursions, and frequent trips to town, occupied much of his time, and neither husband nor wife yet found any leisure to think of the great improvements which they designed to make on their new estate.

Evelyn was glad that her alleged illness served to excuse her from participation in most of the gaiety which she saw around her. She received no visits and made none, although not a few inquiries were made after her by the new acquaintances of the family. If she rode out, it was not with her parents, but with her silent attendant, the carriage being prepared for her especial use, with appliances suitable for an invalid, while the coachman was instructed to avoid a too rapid drive for his cherry-cheeked patient, to whom her obsequious physician had prohibited all violent motions and emotions.

Of course, Miss Sitterly very seldom rode on such terms, and when she did, she speedily discarded extra cushions and shawls, and bribed the careful driver with merry smiles and kind words, to go a little faster, and a little faster, until her spirit caught new exhilaration from the rapid motion and the fresh air which fanned her cheeks.

Thus the time was passing, and the alarm which Blass had given to his friends before they left the city had nearly subsided, giving place to a belief that the great suit would really never be commenced at all—that Mr. Lynde would not have the hardihood to undertake such a thing—when, to the astonishment of Mrs. Sitterly, she received a polite letter from that gentleman, succinctly setting forth the claims of his little client; and the fact, that a suit would be immediately instituted to establish them, unless Mrs. S. preferred an amicable adjustment of the child's rights, as the son and heir of her first husband, Hugh Harlow.

To this missive the incensed lady did not condescend to send any direct answer, but she at once inclosed it to her lawyer in town, directing him to inform Mr. Lynde that she had no reply to make to his most extraordinary and absurd proposition; and requesting that any further communication which he might desire to make on the subject should be sent to her counsel.

This was cool enough, and dignified enough, to satisfy the stately lady's pride, and to satisfy Seth that further overtures would be useless.

He had, indeed, only taken this preliminary step out of regard to his promise to Evelyn to that effect, and as he had been quite certain that his peace proposition would be scouted, his columbiad was already charged, and ready for the match, at the moment that the answer to his letter was received.

In other words, the legal papers by which the great suit was to be instituted, were all prepared, and they were sent up for service on the distinguished defendant, on the very day on which Seth received intelligence of her decision.

This prompt action was again a little startling, but it was met with equal spirit and resolution, Mrs. Sitterly instructing her lawyers to place no impediment in the way of a speedy and final adjudication of the preposterous claim, which she professed to believe was a feeble attempt to extort money, and would soon be abandoned.

Although not without apprehension, she had great confidence in the vast pecuniary power which she was able to wield, and she believed that by entering the legal arena with boldness, she would do much towards dismaying the foe, and gaining that *prestige* of strength which is so often the harbinger of victory. Besides, Evelyn was now in her power, and might, she believed, be prevented from becoming a witness against her, perhaps even from knowing the pendency of the suit, until it was favorably terminated.

She would thus, too, more speedily put an end to that painful suspense which was almost as difficult to bear as defeat, and having disposed of the only remaining obstacle to her happiness, she would be able to pursue in quiet those plans of personal aggrandizement on which her heart was fixed.

Inasmuch as the persevering Seth, who had been indefatigable in perfecting the preparatory steps for the suit, was also most anxious to expedite the business, the great cause was soon ready for trial.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE TWO FACES.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

The two faces were as different in expression as it is possible for faces to be. They were close beside each other, and it was only natural to study the contrast which they presented. In fact, there was no avoiding the study. No reading is so bewitching as the reading of the human face divine, or diabolical, as it sometimes is.

The one face was dark and rugged, hard and stern. Many and deep were the lines and wrinkles in it. The eyes, blue eyes, were sunken and downcast, overhung by bushy brows of iron gray. The forehead was high, but it wore a settled frown; and the grim mouth was so tightly shut that you thought involuntarily of the iron chest which was locked and the key lost. The cheeks were hollow, the hair coarse and gray, and the voice had in it no music.

All over this face, thickly crowded, were the fine wrinkles, which give to some faces, while yet comparatively youthful, an appearance of age. Looking upon this stern and wrinkled visage you could not avoid the feeling that it belonged to a man of gloomy and morose nature, from whom all would seek to shrink away. But the other face, though really but a few years younger than the first one, seemed to be hardly older than the face of a boy. It was round and fair, with dimples in it, and perpetual laughter rippling over it. The brilliant eyes looked boldly forward from under smooth, brown brows. There was no trouble in those eyes, not one shade of care or sadness. The forehead was white and unscarred by any sign of time, or anxious thought; the nose showed no token of having been spread, contracted, or turned up by violent passions; the mouth was flexile and lightly closed, parting often, in smiles, or in smoothly, almost tunefully spoken remarks to one and another of the people about him. Not a gray hair was in his head, not a pucker about the corners of his mouth or of his eyes. The banners here hung out were all those of an amiable and agreeable nature.

One would have said, "He is a pleasant, good-natured soul—a person with whom it would be delightful to live; but the other man, ugh!" Well, *this* is about what *appearances* are worth. The man with the repellant face—let physiognomists make of the fact what they *can*—is in all his intercourse with his fellow-creatures gentle, just and kind. He is a patient and an affectionate man, loved and revered by old and young, and *admired* by all who know his history. For it was such misery and anguish of soul, as few mortals know, that too early blanched his curling locks, that contracted his once open and cheerful countenance, and that gave to his mouth that vice-like expression. All the wild passions that lurk in the human heart were in his heart so strong, and enraged by abominable wrongs heaped upon him, that with demoniac fury of revenge they raged for liberty to act out their nature; but the man was victor over them all. He did not even give liberty to his tongue in the day of his temptation; and instead of becoming soured and embittered towards his kind, he made the proper use of trouble. By it, with help from heaven, he mellowed the soil of his heart, and became the efficient sympathizer and benefactor of mankind. But from his altered face the stamp, which in his agony was set there, never passed away, and though his heart was always *kind*, it was never again, at least not for many, many years, *glad*.

Of that unstamped face beside him, but little need be said. As yet it tells no story of the true quality of him who bears it. But the years do not forget nor neglect their work of *carving*. This face belongs to one who thus far has had all things pretty much his own way; no dam has yet been made in his tide; no log has got stuck in his current; all runs freely, so no noise is made by the vain, selfish and overbearing soul of this man.

For he is vain as a peacock; selfish as unchastened and untroubled people generally become; and overbearing as enormously swollen pride and self-conceit can make one. His smiles are caused by self-complacency; his good nature would bear no real trial; and the agreeableness of his manner is not from benevolence of heart, but from supreme satisfaction with *himself*.

THE FORCE OF LANGUAGE.

It is of the very office of language to express what is consciously working in the soul; language is the express image of spirit. As soon as the mind is raised above the obscure state of spontaneous feeling, or the rude perceptions of sense, it begins to express its feelings and indicate its perceptions in audible language. In its whole training, words, thought or uttered, are the great instrument, as well as the result of its progress. And so it comes to pass, that though language be not life, yet there is not a deep or delicate emotion, not a subtle distinction or large concatenation of human thought, not an abstract principle or a simple idea, which language, by simple words, by imagery, by definition, by description, or by system, is not adequate to convey. And though single words, when taken singly, may have many a sense, yet the single words only give us the separate parts of speech; but take language as a whole, put the word in a sentence, qualify it by adjuncts, limit it by its relations, define it by logic, fix it in a system, and the single word may have such an immoveable significance, that no other term can be exchanged for that simple sound. It may have had its origin in the regions of sense; but, by the action of the soul upon it, it has been transfigured: it has passed through all inferior stages, and at length has been claimed by faith or reason for its exclusive use; so that only a philologist knows its earthly origin, and to all others it is the apt and direct symbol of the highest ideas of reason, or the loftiest objects of faith.

HOME.

A home!—it is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon that girdeth life! When shall it be reached? When shall it cease to be a glittering day-dream, and become fully and fairly yours?

It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the fields, carefully tilled, and streaked with your own foot-paths; nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like that of a great rock in a weary land; nor yet is it the fireside, with its sweet blaze-play; nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones; nor the cherished books; but, more far than all these—it is the PRESENCE! The altar of your confidence is there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and adorning it all, and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the conviction, that *there*, at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness; that there your troubles will be smiled away; that there you may unburthen your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully—yourself!

THE LEAGUE OF TEARS—TO

BY MARY FORREST.

I pledge thee! but not in the wine
That bowls the Gaul's mantle crimson;
I pledge thee in tears, such tears as spring
When, steel-in-soul, the tenor serves King.
When pulses leap in answering thrill
To spirit hosts that sweep at will!
A drop of fire, I pledge thee thus
With mournful purpose resolute to be!
I kneel my blood across the space
That veils thy home, and kneel for thee!
And, grasping there the lofty star with thee
This sacred league of tears to be!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER IX.

A FATAL WEDDING.

On a cold autumn day the young widow Frankles became Basil Meghorn's wife. It was a dreary contrast to the first wedding. Quiet, white, passive, the wretched woman passed to the church.

Full of force joy, and ardent love, and proud triumph, Meghorn led home his pale bride to Deepgrange. The brown leaf at noon put in grim array, saw fantasies added, and a younger maid joined in place of old Dorcas, who was pensioned off, wisely. Bachelors' housekeepers are sources by subsidiary cruisers in a household established.

"My I sir, mover?" was the request of the child, fail of joy at the novelties around her.

"Not now, pet," said the new father; "but come, as they crossed hand in hand the threshold of Basil Meghorn's dwelling.

Ere Nelly had been six months married, she had learned from the Meghorn household that besides single he despised. Lavish in expenditure, warm and eager in his constancy and affection, her impetuous and unprincipled lord certainly did his utmost, in the eyes Emilia, to win her to him.

He had applied to her request that all of the cottage should remain untouched, that she should have the boy and nurse for their own, and other favors named unconsidered. During his periodical absence, few and far between, she came hither with her child, and returned, with apparently a melancholy pleasure, to a few hours' remembrance of the dead one. Here were her bridal bed, her simple clothes, her furniture—and, and the chest containing the memorary relics of her shipwrecked hopes.

Little the cook wonderfully to the huge man, and would sit on his shoulder, play with his many locks, or fondle the shaggy head, until as she did with Hellhill Hams, who was her shadow whenever she strolled out into the garden or down the winding paths of rocky Deepgrang. The motion perfectly accepted by these dumb creations of the child as might have been expected, letting them be, deep, as it were, in their inveterate indifference; she rather seemed to regard with pleasure the affection of her playmate, though sorrier in any way displayed in preference to herself; and indeed, alas! for all, every day seemed to increase the brutality, the masterity, and the methodical obedience of her every-ing, to the will of the man who loved her.

Better he could have borne complaint, denial, open rebellion, than this automaton-like resignation, promising so dire a outcome to the girl who had clustered him from himself in earlier times, the Heiress he had wooed, but failed to win. Not slow was he to interpret the premonitory shadow in indifference to wrath. His was not the nature to brook rejection. He could persevere, endure, plan and wait for the moment of triumph, but this lieveteste and chilling frost, this fixed immobility, was given him to overcome.

He lost hope, he gave up endeavor, he shortened his attentions and endearments, but she changed nothing of her accustomed mode. To man's spirit will was baffled; he was not to be victor even in the victory he had gained.

But the child of a non-practicable love clings in the prospects of the ill-starred couple.

Nelly's heart burst forward to the poor infant, insupposition as was its existence. She turned it with all care, and Hellhill Hams, the nurses with the strange, new wonder. Soul, if he ever something, did so at the very sight of the boy, and night the huge man looked in upon his offspring, wonderful, it, fainted for its own likeness, resemblances in its half-formed features to those of the mother, brought her and attention enough for it in a manner that must have been touching to any but a brute so preassigned was the child had been.

But, alas, for all the hopes of the newly-made father.

The babe, strong and hearty to all appearance, fell a little suddenly, one, despite all vigilance and assistance, died the same day—it was but five weeks old.

Nelly grieved over the poor little corpse, but she shed no tears. Our sighs and tears are the agony of the strong man, so terrible to see, would have moved her, but not.

Little his wept more for the pretty, live doll she would question on singing to whenever she was permitted.

As for Basil, his grief was overwhelming, and partook of the fierce impetuosity of all he did.

He ordered a cradle that his child was dead, and kept it by him longer than prudence or caution allowed.

When it become necessary to part with it, the sense was terrible, and Meghorn's passion when subsequent events made recollections of it the more intense unbable to the agony.

Thus, as it passed over the lonely dwelling on the cliff, brought no alleviation of the bitter thought which these two had doomed themselves to share.

Day by day grew the gloom and coldness of the woman, fast changing the fierce passion of her husband to dissension and aversion.

The richest fabrics make the most powerful stricture upon, of the most luxuriant growth is the vegetable world causes the rankest decay and plucked corruption; so of the more rapid ecus and impulsive natures come the completest ruins, under the perversion of foul passions.

Since the death of his child, Basil Meghorn discovered keenly in the little remaining to him the love or awaken the interest of his wife.

For a brief while he revelled with the dark spirits of mistrust and aversion, but in vain; and he bitterly gritbered about him the dark assaults of despair, and moodily brooding over his blighted hopes and passion, watched every evil and vestige of hate with morbid curiosity. Cold he could not be; the intensity of his disappointment was the fire at which his hate was kindled; for with him there was no medium—love could not cool down to indifference, it was hatred—yet hatred with which alternated a jealous love. Is there a more terrible scourge to the human mind than this?

He could not spare her from his sight: to see her from pain or danger he would have faced death himself; yet deliberately he visited on her the cruelest torture, in insults, in tyranny, in curses often. Worst of all, in treatment of the little Ida.

For in proportion as he felt her aversion to

himself, he loathed the being on whom her whole affection was fixed; and, through never by personal ill usage, yet by slight scorn, deprivation of her little enjoyments, or her fits of ire, he made the poor child feel the weight of his authority and dislike.

"You did not mean the trouble of my child," he said, tauntingly: "no! he was let die, that you might fondle, and pet, and spoil that brat. Ah! it shall be little the better. Did you hear me, girl? Go fetch me that cup to the table."

"Go, Ida, dear child," the mother's answering, and voice seemed to plead for the child her daughter to the same sneaky, unvarying obedience as she would have done, and treat the most monotonous round, in subjection, except on rare occasions, never attempting any reply or excuse, but letting him rail on—not even by a single contemptuous or roughened brow showing did the sense of his words had reached her.

For more welcome to him had been the angry retort, or weeping excuse or supplication—the fire of his own passion had then met with some other fuel than his own heart, on which to prey with devouring fury.

"Away with you! be off to bed, I say! indeed, child!" would be often the greeting on his return, in reply to some of poor Ida's timid attentions, for she seldom spoke to him now.

"And, 'gen, dear Ida," the mother's request, would confirm the sentence; perhaps at early twilight, or when some little harmless fact attached itself to the poor girl's weary letters of solitary life.

In one of his tyrannical moments he dismissed the maid, saying, that one child was quite old enough to make herself useful; and mother and child were thus left to wait on him alone.

But Nelly took no offense at this; rather she was glad to be shut off any possibility of unrewarded reprimand, and free to indulge her self-consecrated task to the child. The pleasantest duties of the house fell by no means heavily upon her, though it was little that Ida could assist her in the domestic arrangements. The girl erected herself to fulfil all the requests of Meghorn, which, when he was present, were by no means few in number; but otherwise she was very quiet and was apt to evince herself in greatest delight was when she could prevail upon her mother to accompany her in her walks on the Chine, and seeking out the sindiest spot among the wild flowers, to fill her apron with them, and with the flowers she gathered for and wider, then, seated at her feet, would entertain, with bunches, meanwhile singing to herself, in the merest, low tone, the little songs she had been accustomed to have her mother sing to her.

CHAPTER X.

SATAN WINNING THE GAME.

"It's as good, ay as a nack o' gold to my eye, It is, Cuplo, that you're back safe and sound. Ay, o' land life I should say ye was, and the wonder is as I said, how ye 'scaped it. Why, I'll be says to that lubberly jackass Simon Foulkes, the night before he left, 'Simon, my boy, I'll bet the ye've held out longer'n I'd 'an thought was in ye—yes it is, you may look at me, I did, but when you sailed from the old place, and bid Jim Foulkes command the boat and he a mate, with the flowers she gathered for and wider, then, seated at her feet, would entertain, with bunches, meanwhile singing to herself, in the merest, low tone, the little songs she had been accustomed to have her mother sing to her.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

HUGH THORNDYKE

BY ALICE CARY.

Eighton's hills are sunny,
And there with oak and pine,
And Eighton's men and women
Are tall and straight and fine.

The harvests in the summer
Cover the land like a sattin;
For Eighton's men and women
Are busy all the while.

The nursery, in the morning
To see the great corn fall,
And the girls laughing sadness,
Raking, one and all!

Their heads like golden lilies
Shining over the hay,
And every one among them
As sweet as a rose by May.

And yet despite the fever
Which heaven doth thus allot,
Eighton has its pallors,
As what good land has not?

Hugh Thorndyke—poor he with him,
(He is not living now)
Was tempted by this custom
One day to leave his plow,

And sit beside the farmer
In a shadow cool and sweet,
For the lying goddess told him
That he could save his wheat.

And talk like this, moreover,
That if he would not mind,
His horse should have an extra—
His children be struck blind!

So, wearing hat, indifferent,
And with a careless gait,
Hugh strolled to the farmer,
But the wheat was never sown.

And when the fields about him
Were ripe for the reaping hook,
He left his—the idle dunce—
The golden all the throne.

Now Hugh's wife loved her husband,
And when he told her this,
She took his unsweet hands in hers
And gave them such a kiss,

Saying, we ourselves, this golden
Shall straightway be to-day—
The more he does his sweet, dear Hugh,
The more we'll do our best!

To work they went, and all turned out
Just as the good wife said;
And Hugh was blest—his corn that year
Grew higher than his head.

They sing a song in Eighton
Hugh made them, long ago,
Which says that honest love and work
Are ever sure to win.

THE BEAR IN THE CAVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I lay no claim to the title of professional hunter, but I have always been very fond of wild sports, and have spent no trifling portion of my time, at different periods of my life, in the dark forests and open prairies of the Great West. Many are the buffaloes, or bisons, that have made their last moan in me; many are the deer that have crossed their running in my presence, and many are the bears, wolves, cougars, and lesser game, that have been depositories of my bullets. I have generally been what is termed lucky—lucky in finding game and killing it, and getting through an adventure safely; and on a while, I have had my unfortunate days, my perplexities, my drawbacks, my ups and downs, and I will frankly add, my sense. Also, apropos, I happen to remember a day on which everything seemed to go wrong, and all my usually expansive troubles appeared to unite in a grand alliance. It was a day which I have noted in my almanac with a long black mark.

I had gone to the Ozark mountains to company with a friend named Frederick Willis. He was a pleasant companion, a genial spirit, and fond of hooting of his exploits, and withal rather lucky. He was one who always performed wonders at a distance—or, in other words, one who was constantly telling you of what he had done in such and such a place, and what he would do in the future, but always failing to accomplish by any remarkable deed in the present.

We had been hunting for a week, and had met with bad success, when a long storm set in, which kept us in camp till we had finished the last morsel of food. This happened on the evening preceding the day of which I speak; and on turning out in the morning, not a discovering course, was for our breakfast. As the clouds were now breaking away and giving us an occasional streak of sunshine, we found ourselves in pretty good spirits, and doubted not that we would soon be broken.

"We shall be down into the valley before us, and kill enough in an hour to last us for a week," said Fred., as he put fresh powder in his double-barrelled rifle.

"If we have lucky enough to find the game, really," said I.

"Oh, that, of course—we are certain to do that—I never fail when I set out on a purpose of that kind."

But he did fail that time, at least, and every calculation failed for the entire day; and when we saw the sun gotting low in the western sky, and felt the keen gnawings of hunger that we had been able to suppress, we were just as empty and disappointed a looking couple as any one could wish to see.

"Confound it!" said Fred., "the like could never happen to me in any space but this. Arthur, my boy, I have gone out before now, when there were not half so much in the whole forest where I was, and killed two of them in less time than an hour, to say nothing of rabbits, partridges, and so on, almost without number!"

"And all in an hour, Fred.?"

"Well, it might have been something over an hour, to speak by the card, but it was a very short time indeed."

"Wish a pity that your luck has deserted you to-day, Fred.—for I am so hungry, and I am afraid we shall have to find it all night."

"It is confounded annoying, by Jove! I feel like an Indian—like Tecumseh before he is inspired."

We were now in a dark and gloomy portion of the mountains, with rocky hills frowning above us and a rapid, stunning roaring below; and on we stood looking about us, I caught sight of a lone, quaint object on the way over a ledge of rocks too distant to render a shot certain. Without a word, however, being how much depended upon the result, I brought my rifle to my shoulder, took a quick aim, and fired. The report of my piece was the first intimation my companion had of my having seen any game, and as he wheeled around in surprise and to make inquiry, I pointed to the beast, which was now scrambling over the rocks at a quicker pace, evidently scared or wounded, or perhaps both.

"There he goes, Fred.," said I, "and if he escapes, we shall go supperless to bed."

Even as I spoke, the animal disappeared behind some bushes, and we hastened up the hill after him, with all the eagerness of two half-famished men whose only hope of food depended upon his capture.

On reaching the rocks where I had first seen him, we, to our great delight, discovered a trail of blood, which showed that the animal was not only wounded, but bleeding freely, and perhaps would not be able to get over the ground very fast, or go very far, while we could follow his steps with certainty.

Hurrying forward, we soon passed the summit of the hill, and as we began to descend, we came upon another ledge of rocks, and directly over where the wounded beast had entered a low, narrow, fissure, that, in short, as we could judge from the few feet we could see into it, gradually widened out into a cavern, like a cave.

"Confound the luck, Arthur Hoyt!" exclaimed Fred., with a look of chagrin. "I see we are destined to starve."

"Why so? wonders in and forth out the beast?" I replied.

"What! do I see there after a wounded beast? Just such as me doing it, will you?"

"We may as well risk that venture as to stay quietly outside and starve," I explained. "And besides, the exploit appears to me quite tame when compared with some you have performed before now—that panther affair of yours in Texas, for instance."

"Ah! I was a good deal younger then, and had much less sense than now," replied the other, coloring deeply, and looking a little confused, which convinced my suspicion, inwardly, the man as well as I did, that the latter venture to which I alluded was a fabrication, told in a boastful manner, for the purpose of astonishing me and rendering the narrator wonderful here in my eyes.

"Well," returned I, feeling a secret pleasure in putting my friend's courage to the test, "I am going into this retreat after the bear, even if I have to go alone; and if you do not accompany me, I shall be compelled to doubt your being as brave as your many tales have led me to suppose."

"Oh, for that matter, I am not afraid of anything any other man may reasonably dare," returned Fred., somewhat excitedly; "but the fact is, I have no desire to go in there, and to and to venture in there, in the face of certain death, for the sake of a few pounds of foolhardiness—for which I cannot suppose."

"We can soon see the light," said I. "There are plenty of pine-knots about here, and a good torch will soon be made. You can go and get and carry the torch, and I the rifle, and we will go forward together. You will be right glad of it before, which I will fire upon, trusting to Providence to take up any slack fault."

Seeing me determined, my companion reluctantly acquiesced to my proposal; and in less than a quarter of an hour we were prepared for the adventure. We negligently permitted me to go forward with a loaded rifle, while he followed loudly with a lighted torch, we entered in this manner, into the cave, and knowing, the low, narrow aperture not permitting us to stand upright.

We advanced some ten or fifteen feet with the greatest caution, when we came to a slight elbow, and then we found the passage gradually widening and enlarging into a low, dark chamber, and discovered several other passages diverging from the main one, all opening into the large cavern in question. By a close examination, we could tell, by the trail of blood, which one the wounded beast had taken; but I confess, as I looked around upon the dark, glowing and gloomy cave, seen by the lurid gleam of our waning and smoking torch, I felt much inclined to give over the anticipation of soon meeting a ferocious animal at bay, and, by a single mistake or accident, putting myself in the way of losing not only our lives by a bloody death. And if I, who was usually cool and collected in the midst of the fullest thrill and foretell, I now by a glance at my companion knew that he was laboring under sufficient cause for the emotion, for his face was deadly pale, and his hand and knees were trembling.

"Oh, Arthur," he said, in a low, hurried, tremulous tone, "let us turn back and let this beast go! You will be sick for a month after for our supper, and I for one do not feel the least bit hungry now!"

The idea that he had so suddenly lost his appetite, served me to laugh outright—for at that time there was nothing to fear, I pushed on, and was followed with trembling limbs and a quaking heart.

Winding around through a low, narrow, rocky passage, we suddenly came upon a spot so circular and compartmented, leading far off into the deep darkness, with a small stream of water and water flowing quietly through it. We stopped to run rapidly around the circumference of the cavern, and remembering our devious course hither, and all the intervening passages, and the same time considering the possibility of losing our way, should we attempt to return, we perhaps never be able to get back to the bright world without, I was about to propose the utter folly of advancing another step, when suddenly our ears were assailed with a loud, savage growl, and my quick eye caught a glimpse of the huge, dark beast coming toward us.

"Heaven help us!" every on us!" cried my now terrified companion, and at the same instant the torch fell from his trembling hand into the water and was extinguished, leaving us to a total and horrible darkness.

Instinctively, at the first sight of the beast, I had thrown my rifle to my shoulder, and now stood awaiting his approach, not knowing better what to do. Another growl, and then the gleam of two fiery eyes within a few feet of me, told me that the animal was about to spring, and pointing my weapon to the best of my judgment, and mentally praying that it might prove a good bullet, I fired.

Scarcely had the report died away in the cave, before the terrific, powerful form of the beast was upon me, and I was borne down, and my rifle, which I had been unwilling to justify this fearful suspicion. Then I recalled my own hasty situation, and the possibility of being lost and perishing in that cave without human aid or sympathy, and from the depths of agony seemed to press through every pore. Then I began to think of my companion, and of the shadow of the reach the open air; but after crawling about till my strength had left me, and that I had really lost my way, I sunk down exhausted and fell asleep.

When I awoke and comprehended where I was, I groaned deeply through the thick, dark distance; and making my way to it, I soon reached the open air, where I found myself on the ground and fervently thanked God for my preservation and deliverance. I then procured another torch and crawled back into the cave, and after I had reached the spot, where I found the bear dead in the water, pierced through the heart by the bullet, I groped about in search of my companion.

A faint call now came to me from a distance, which I answered with joy; and soon after I was joined by my companion, looking ghastly pale and woefully subdued. The cave, which he could give of himself, was to suppose he had been killed from flight by the bear, and that, not on regaining consciousness, he had set out like a madman to find his way out. He had got lost in the attempt, and had no recollection of what occurred afterward as he lacked the light of my torch.

It was a happy reunion; and over the rapturous meal which we made from the carcass of that bear, we mutually vowed never to turn another bear in a cave.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us in the course of the week preceding the publication of the paper. No persons have requested some of them to be considered as for the columns of the LEDGER, and we have no time to write letters to correspondents. Those which are not published will receive no attention.

A YOUNG LADY asks our opinion in the following case: she has a lover who professes to be devoted to her, but who has a habit of occasionally getting drunk, and parts, and places of amusement generally, without her, and who, when he comes to see her, is not fit to be seen by him. Whenever he calls to see her, he describes his visits to other young ladies, and tells her how much more pleasant you would have enjoyed it," and in the same breath he tells her that he has been drinking, and that he has been to such a place and such a house. She knows he is annoyed at this, that at last she replied to him, that she would have visits from him, if agreeable company and pleasure, whenever it might be convenient. Since that time he has not called upon her, but has accompanied by him, but still continues his visits to the theatre, and to other places of resort. But now comes a young lad, whom she is calls, about the great number of visits he has been making to her, and how much he likes her. Whether he could make up any time, if he should not be in the habit of calling on her, and if he could not be with her as much as he would like to be, and if he would be apt to sneak off to indulge in his personal habits and gratifications, having no fears of her leaving him? and the most of your solitude. He must be a vain and weak man who can believe that a young lady possesses unless she are ready to marry him; and of the two and gentlemanly qualities which she can give us as well we can. On the whole, we think that unless such a man is willing to reform and become a sober and respectable man, he would be highly unsafe for you to marry him.

CHRISTIAN HERMAN.—The hypocritical sentence in Scripture to which he has been referring, and which has so much troubled him, is not to be found in the Bible, as we have before his marriage. He doesn't wish to hear her say that she loves him, and would like to have it said that justly disagreeable with unbelievers should be avoid him as a very wicked thing. Do you not agree with it rather than to flirt? No young lady would "annoy you with attentions" unless you gave her encouragement, and she might do so with impunity. In this case, do just as you have been doing, and if you like her, in some young man whom she knew before her marriage should "annoy" her, you will know what to do.

S. A. E.—When a young lady, with whom you have been keeping company, has accepted your offer of marriage, you are all about to set out on a walk, you should not ask her to take your arm, but should wait for her to do so. She should not ask you to take your arm if she is not willing to do so. Nor should you leave your companion to go with another young lady.

LEAH.—No, of course means help *feeling* "genial" to you. If you have a genial disposition, and are sociable, you have a genuine call to be a husband, you can help feeling genial to your friends, and to those who are your other pupils. A sensitive should treat all his scholars in the same way.

SUSPICIOUS says she is a poor girl, and is visited by a young man who professes to be engaged to be married to a daughter. This he denies, although she has proof that he has corresponded with her. "What shall I do?" she asks. Have nothing to do with him. Tell him you do not desire his friendship.

VIOLA.—A young lady should rise in receiving company, and when they take leave, but the propriety of going to the door with them depends upon the degree of intimacy. With very intimate friends she might go to the door without impropriety.

ROSINO.—You did a very impolite act in hooking off the last of your controls, "only in fun," in this presence of ladies, and he acted still more impolitely in wishing a fight you on the spot. You seem to be a couple of "rude fellows, and quite unfit for the company of ladies.

E. S. A.—There is nothing injurious in the game of chess itself; but it is hardly possible that it can be a healthy amusement for persons of sedentary habits. A man whose business or amusements compel him to exert his mind actively, would not be benefited by chess playing; but one who sits still to-doors nearly all the time, would do well to seek a more active means of recreation. Four well-contested games of chess at one sitting would be a pretty strong dose even for an active man.

CASTILLA.—A man who boasts to you creatively of his accomplishments among ladies, would either be very conceited or very deficient of great discernment. Some men are very fond of talking about their conquests, and seem to believe themselves irresistible, but such persons are generally the last to be liked by the ladies. Modesty is the surest bait for ladies' favor, and is always attractive.

MY BELLE.—There was nothing improper in your friends accosting you stamps directly as they were passing on your return from the theatre. It is a politeness which it is only necessary to return in a polite manner. If a lady or gentleman is in company with another form of acquaintance, they should treat your money. If you are in company with a lady, you should treat her. Nothing but "the most genteel" will do in such circumstances.

W. T.—Coming out hindred years after another form of expression for making